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BY JAMES G. HASSON.

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

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Cough Medicine

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PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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Still better!
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Better still!
Kentucky Bourbon, ten years old. Full quarts $1.25, or $12.00 per dozen.
And one of the most saleable Whiskies on our list is
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There is no Whisky that has ever been sold that has grown in favor with the public so rapidly as our old Export, and the simple reason is that it is utterly impossible to duplicate it.
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In making up your orders please enclose P. O. Money Order or Draft, or Register your order.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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412 MARKET ST. Cor. of the Diamond.
Jan. 26, 1889.—1yr

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A SOLID STEEL FENCE!
MADE OF
EXPANDED METAL
CUT FROM STEEL PLATES. SOMETHING NEW.
For Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms Gardens, Statue, Arbor, Window Guards, Trellises, Fireproof PLASTERING LATH, DOOR MATS, &c. Write for Illustrated Catalogue: mailed free
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116 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hardware Men keep it. Give name of this paper

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Call and see the students at work when you visit the Exposition. Visitors always welcome.
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CREAM : BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages,
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals Sore Eyes,
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
Try the Cure.
A particle is applied into each nostrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

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1794. 1889.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 1st, 1882.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION,
A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Headache, For Torpid Liver, Bilious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient
It is certain in its effect. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*
Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

ESSENTIAL OILS,
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMENT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &C.
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free brokerage, commission, storage, &c., by
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Importers and Exporters, 88 William St., N. Y.
Aug. 23, '89.—6m.

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THOROUGHLY TAUGHT TO YOUNG MEN
AT THE
SHERMAN TELEGRAPH Co
CIRCULARS FREE. OBERLIN, OHIO. SITUATIONS GUARANTEED.

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HER ANSWER.

"Young Van proposed to me last night."
"You don't mean that!" "Indeed, it's true; Asked me to be his wife, outright."
"Good gracious, dear! What *did* you do?"

"Poor boy! He looked so handsome, Nell."
"Handsome! A clerk on weekly pay
Ask you—a beauty and a belle!
But tell me what he dared to say."

"Well—first; he loved me." "Oh, that part, Of course! What else?" "And that he thought
I was the sort of girl whose heart
Would never let itself be *bought*.

He said he was a man—that I
Was just a woman; equal so
In youth, health, brain we stood, and—why, You'd think he never dreamed of so—

"That he was poor need be no bar—"
"Well? what an attitude to take!"
"For Love would prove the guiding star To fame and fortune, for my sake—

"And then he begged my heart and hand."
"Such impudence!—who'd ever guess!—
I hope you made him understand
His place!" "I did—I told him 'Yes!'"
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

BACK-YARD STUDIES.

Aunt Matilda's Observations from Her Back Window.

When Aunt Matilda came to visit us and insisted on having a back room, we were greatly disappointed, for sister Mattie and I had spent weeks of our precious vacation time in making all sorts of pretty nothings to beautify the guest-chamber for her occupancy. We had not seen Aunt Matilda for ten years. In that time Mattie and I had grown from little girls to young ladies in our teens and members of the high school. The principal things I could remember about Aunt Matilda were her pretty gray curls and gold-rimmed glasses, and that when she visited us I always had on a fresh, white pinafore, and she would say to me:

"Come here, my dear, and let me wipe my glasses on your clean apron."

Very proudly would I comply with her request, for we considered it a great honor to wear any thing clean enough to come in contact with her polished gold spectacles. Then when she had used one corner of the pinafore so carefully as not to leave a rumple she would pass her plump, warm hand over my curls and say:

"What a tall girl you are growing, Hetty, my child. I hope you are a good girl at school and always mind your teacher."

And I would answer: "Yes, ma'am," very timidly and go back to my seat on a high, hair-covered chair, where I would make a desperate effort to sit straight and keep from sliding off.

Father had moved West—away out to Colorado—and, as I said, we had not seen Aunt Matilda for ten years when we received the welcome news that she was coming to pay us a visit, and we all resolved not to let her go away from us again if we could help it. Perhaps this was the reason we had taken such extra pains with the guest chamber. I know, when it was all finished, Mattie and I surveyed it with what we hoped was pardonable pride. We had coaxed from papa a new bedroom suit of polished oak which, with its broad mirror of plate glass, shone grandly in the sunlight which streamed in through the curtains of the yellow china silk. The big, plush-cushioned patent rocker was resplendent in draperies of hand-painted silk, while the wicker chairs displayed their fine linen and satin ribbons, and even the ottoman was fine in silk embroidery. As for the bed—well, it was simply lovely! Shams were not out of date then, and ours were marvels of fine lace and the Chinese laundry art—and the prettiest yellow satin bows in a corner of each! The lace spread over a quilt of yellow sliesia, and the scarf of crazy work in silk and velvet completed the ravishing picture.

When Aunt Matilda came Mattie and I had the honor of escorting her to this chamber of state and, you may be sure, we watched furtively to see how it impressed her.

Perhaps we were the more anxious because we knew she had opposed father's coming West, and we wanted to impress her with the financial success of the move, and to show her that truly æsthetic taste dwelt even as far west as Colorado.

"Let me take off your wraps, auntie," said Mattie, setting her little hand-bag on the floor by the dresser, and going up to Aunt Matilda, who stood looking about in a hesitating manner.

"Wait a minute, my dear—let me tell you something—you won't mind if your old auntie is frank with you, I know. I've lived over sixty years, my dear, and I've found that in the end it always pays to be frank with your best friends. Now, I know you want me to feel perfectly at home here, and this room is very beautiful—yes, very beautiful indeed—but it is too large and fine for a simple old lady like me. Don't you see I couldn't really sit against any of these handsome draperies—it would be sure to muss them—and—well, I shouldn't feel the least bit at home here. I've lived a very plain, quiet life, you know. Now, girls, if you've a little cozy back room somewhere, with just plain furniture, so that I wouldn't feel that I was mussing any thing, I should enjoy it so much."

In vain we protested that nothing was too nice for her to use, and that we had no other room good enough for her. She silenced us with a graceful, girlish wave of the hand, and, shaking the gray curls, said:

"Now, my dears, you can not fool me that way, if I am an old woman. I am first-rate at a game of hide-and-seek and I shall just find a room for myself. In this large house I know there is a corner for me somewhere."

And sure enough she stepped briskly across the hall, and paused before the door of a back chamber.

"Does any one occupy this?"

Mattie shook her head, and cast a despairing glance at me, as she said:

"But it will never do at all, auntie. It is just a little box of a room, furnished up with odds and ends. We put Miss Betts in there when she comes to sew for us, and sometimes Hetty and I sleep there when we have extra company and have to give up our room."

Aunt Matilda opened the door, however, and stepped in.

"The very thing," she cried, delightedly. "A rag carpet, too! So homelike! And this nice splint-rocker! I tell you, girls, for real comfort there's nothing like a splint-rocker."

She stepped to the one window in the room and put back the plain white muslin curtain.

"Better and better!" she cried, clapping her hands in almost childish glee. "Such a row of nice back yards! You see, girls, I'm an inquisitive old lady, and I dearly love to watch people's back yards. I get acquainted with them so. You can go in at people's front doors for years and not know a single thing about them; but you can get a good idea of what they are in a week from the rear."

So Aunt Matilda had her way.

"There's just one thing I would like from the front room, girls," she said, "and that is the vase of yellow marigolds I saw on the mantel. They smell so like home."

Mattie fetched them, and having done what we could to make the room convenient for her, we left her to the enjoyment of her splint-rocker, her rag carpet and marigolds, and went down-stairs to confide our disappointment to mother.

The back yards, which interested our aunt so much, belonged to a row of tenement cottages just across the alley from our house. The latter being built in the middle of the lot and running back a good way, was quite close to the alley, so that a good chance was afforded Aunt Matilda to pursue her back-door studies, for which she professed such a penchant.

Our town was an invalid resort, and the population in consequence a very fluctuating one. We had, therefore, fallen into the habit of paying little or no attention to the families who came and went in the Row. But now we were destined to learn many things from Aunt Matilda about our back-door neighbors. What impressed us more than any thing else was the kindliness of the comments she made upon her unknown friends. Considering that she openly avowed herself "a bit of a gossip," this seemed to us all the more remarkable, as all the gossips we had known showed a remarkable penetration in discovering the weaknesses and sins of the subjects which they dissected.

"There is a new family moving into the red house this morning," announced Aunt Matilda at dinner one day. "The woman is a nice, tidy little body, and looks full of energy but you can see she is not well. She has a bad cough and looks so worn and tired that I feel sorry for her. Her husband is a tall, manly-looking fellow, but he, too, has a discouraged look, and the little boy—there seems to be but one child, about ten years old, I should judge—looks as though life had been any thing but a joy to him. I shall like to find out what their trouble is."

Father held up his hands with well-feigned horror. "Matilda," he said, "you are without doubt the most inquisitive person alive. You embody all the necessary qualifications of a whole detective force."

"Never mind," replied the little lady, laughing, "so long as I injure no one by it you ought not to grudge a lonely old woman her only dissipation."

"I should think," said mamma, "that if the lady is such an invalid—consumptive, of course, if she coughs so bad—you might see in that sufficient cause for the family unhappiness. Perhaps, after all, they are only tired from a long journey and not really unhappy."

Aunt Matilda shook her head.

"No, Martha, temporary weariness does not mark such lines in the face. Neither is the illness of one member sufficient to permanently destroy the family peace. Why, some of the happiest families I know have inmates who are hopeless invalids, and all the other members seem to make a point of being bright and cheery for their sakes. No, there is something more than this trouble over there. Never mind, I shall find out by and by."

A few days later she called to me as I was passing through the hall.

"Come here, my dear. Come and look out of my window."

"I am on the right track now. I told you I should find out. Do you see?"

"I do not understand you, auntie," I said.

"Why, just look at the clothes on the line, back of the red house. See that petticoat. It has yards and yards of knitted thread-lace on it—actually hand-knitted, child. Just think of it, every stitch of the millions of them requiring four motions of the hand! More than that, see that knitted counterpane."

"It is lovely, auntie," I could not help saying.

"Lovely! Yes, if one did not think of the woman's life-blood that went into it, and of the child's happiness that went into it, of the widower and orphan soon to be made by it. Why, think, Hetty, what a costly quilt it is! Likely they had to break up a cozy home at the East, and sacrifice property and business interests there to come here for her health. And you can buy a beautiful Marseilles quilt for ten dollars! Yes, a very good one for five. Five paltry dollars—and think what went into that! I walked past the front of the house yesterday, and there were fine hand-knitted curtains at the windows. Why, even those check gingham kitchen aprons hanging there have cross-stitch embroidery three or four inches deep. And the rugs that she hangs out on the line every day—all hand work! One has little cloth circles button-hole stitched to a foundation—pyramids of them — thousands of embroidery stitches on a two-feet-by-three rug! A yard of Moquette or Wilton carpet could be bought for two dollars or less, and you know yourself, Hetty, that it is twice as pretty and durable for a rug."

"Perhaps she does not do all this work herself. It may be given to her, or she may buy it of poor invalids who can do nothing else."

"No, child, she does it herself. I see her sit by her kitchen window every day knitting and crocheting, oh! so steadily! It is a north window, too. The sitting-room fronts south, and she can not sit there because the sunlight would fade her carpets. The shades are nearly always close down. And the poor child wanders about the yard looking so homesick and lonely that my heart aches for him. His clothes are nice and fit beautifully, and his linen is starched and polished and fresh every day. She does her own ironing. I see her bending for hours over the ironing-board, and stopping every little while to cough. Look at that line now, Hetty, and see what she has before her this week. There are six white shirt-waists for the boy, plaited every one, and to be done with the polishing-iron; then there is that skirt I first showed you, and a pair of ruffled and tucked and embroidered pillow-shams, and—well, all the rest. It makes me sick at heart to see it and think of that poor, starved little boy. He has no mother, don't you see? Only a nurse and laundress. She won't let him run the street and get with bad boys. She thinks she is very careful about him, but she starves his very soul. She has no time to answer questions for him and help him plan amusements, and sympathize with him, and he can't play in the dirt because he will soil his clothes. Of course the husband has the same treatment. He has to be very careful about throwing his papers about or making a litter in the house; and when he comes home at night his wife is too tired to talk and coughs a great deal. The cough worries him, and he feels that he ought to do something more for her—but he has done all he can, poor man! The doctor has told him to bring her to Colorado, and he has done so—but she doesn't seem to get much better, and she never will, Hetty, till she stops that everlasting knitting and fancy work and gets into the sunshine, and takes an interest in something outside of her house-keeping. I am going to call on her to-morrow. She is a new neighbor, you know, and I will tell you beforehand just what I shall find. I shall ring the bell, and wait a long time. Then I shall hear doors open and shut, and finally the key turned in the front door, and I shall be let in. The sitting-room will be dark and have a close, shut-up smell—if it were any where but in Colorado it would be musty. The lady will raise a shade and let in a little light, taking care to shut out as much sunlight as she can by drawing the knitted curtains close. The room will be literally crowded with hand-made fancy work, and every thing will be painfully neat and unused. I shall scarcely have introduced myself until she begins to bemoan her lot on account of this dusty country. She will tell me that it is simply impossible to keep things clean, and that she wears herself all out trying."

The call was made, and Aunt Matilda came home more indignant than ever.

"I tell you that woman is dying by inches of fancy work and lack of sunshine and pure air. She tells me that her disease is not hereditary, but she was always a delicate child, and it was brought on by a hard cold. A hard cold, indeed! How could any one keep any lungs and sit all day by a north window crouched over those fiendish, shining needles?"

Aunt Matilda's usually mild brown eyes flashed indignantly and then filled with sudden tears.

"Oh, my dears, the pity of it! And to think that she is only one of many. I saw a whole stack of Home Journals and Journals of Fancy Work, and fashion magazines, but not one single useful book or paper in the house. Talk about the suppression of improper literature. I sometimes think journals of fancy work and fashion ought to be included in the list, for they surely do tempt weak-minded women to their ruin. I meant to go home next month, but you will have to keep me a spell longer, Martha. I've a clear call to missionary labor in the red house over there. I must have the phaeton at least two or three hours every day—for she won't be able to walk far at first, and you must help me hunt up all the poor children you know and if she *must* sew she shall make plain garments for them. But I don't mean to let her touch a needle for a month if I can help it. How will I manage it? You'll see. Where there's a will there's a way."

And in Aunt Matilda's case we knew this to be true.—Ella Beecher Gittings, in Chicago Advance.

HUMOROUS.

—"Gimme ten cents wuff o' fleshcullud court plaster, boss." "White or black?" "Look heah, honey, I's a gen'l'man ob color an' I's aware ob de fac', but don' you go rubbin' it in."—Time.

—Singley—"How much you resemble your sister, Miss Bjones. I would take you for her." Miss Bjones—"W-well, Mr. Singley, this so sudden; but you may ask pa."—Lawrence American.

—Indignant mother—"You haven't given the child any prize!" Teacher—"Alas! he has been persistently lazy." Indignant mother—"Well, then, why don't you give him a medal for his persistency?"—Golden Days.

—Book-agent—"Going from books to babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you." Young woman—"Sir, that baby is not mine!" Book-agent—"I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you."—Judge.

MEMORIES.

Once more beneath my yearning eyes
The deep-secluded vale appears;
Once more I see the mountains rise
That, in the dimly distant years,
Behold our bitter parting tears.

The meadow path by which we walked
In those old days that were so sweet,
The stream that talks as then it talked,
The low-roofed church, the village street,
That once was glad beneath her feet.

Each common object seems to say
With me in mute, complaining moan:
"The light is parted from our day;
She once was here, but now is gone,
And we are left alone—alone!"

I wander on, yet, as I go,
The joy to view each well-loved scene
Is vanquished by the greater woe,
To think of all that might have been,
Had a hard fate not stepped between.

Farewell, once more, my heart's sad home:
Once more I go; yet, wherso'er
Through length of weary days I roam,
One memory, heart-enshrined I bear—
This mountain valley green and fair,
And the sweet flower that blossomed there.
—J. S. Mills, in Chambers' Journal.

STAMPEDES.

An Exciting Experience with a Herd of Buffalo.

"I shall never forget that canyon, not if I live a century," said a frontiersman, as the train was slowly creeping along over a deep, narrow abyss, common in the Western country.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," was the reply, "I dropped into it once, or rather, was thrown in, and had the narrowest escape of my life. I was what is termed a 'cow puncher' in those days, and I did a little of every thing. The year I have in mind I was guide for a party of prospectors and engineers, and under contract to supply them with beef. Beef meant buffalo, and there was plenty of it—too much, as you will see, in those days, though they are all gone now.

"I generally worked ahead of the party an hour or so, to be on the look-out for the Indians and game, and one day, having sighted a big herd of buffalo, I started off with one of the party to kill some, and have them dressed by the time the main party came up. My companion was new to the business, but I had no idea that he would put me into the scrape he did. We were about four miles from this canyon, which is simply a big wash, a cut, the sides almost up and down and a thousand feet wide. A horse can jump from the edge at some points and fall fifteen hundred feet without striking; that's the kind of a place it is. In crossing in the cars you do not see the steepest part of it.

"We started off in high spirits. It was a beautiful morning, and there was something in the air that stimulated me, something that is difficult to explain, but exists nevertheless. The country to the south and east was as level as the sea; but to the west rose the Rockies, blue and pink, and here and there isolated buttes. Away to the northwest rose a cloud of dust, which hung over the ground for hundreds of acres. That dust meant buffaloes, and for it we headed.

"I intended riding slowly, and when we got near to put on speed and charge them. But all at once my man's horse went into a hole, and broke the cinch. I rode on and left him to mend it, thinking, of course, that he would follow. I had gone two miles, when it occurred to me to stop and wait for him. The buffaloes were just ahead, and I wanted to give him a fair chance. For half an hour I waited, and then suddenly noticed a movement in the herd, which was apparently coming in every direction. The dust seemed to cover the entire horizon, rising in the air like a cloud, and spreading to each side.

"In a moment I was in the saddle and riding out toward it to see which direction it was taking, still not wanting to leave my companion. Just then I began to hear a roaring sound like thunder. Every instant it grew louder, and finally I began to realize that I was being surrounded, and then it flashed across my mind that it was a stampede. In a second I was about and away in the direction of the party; but I had been standing in a depression, and as I came up I saw that I was in the center of a half-moon of dust. Thousands of buffaloes were dashing down on me, like an avalanche, and their flankers reaching out as if to hem me in. I didn't waste much time, and was soon on a dead run. If you have ever seen a man or a horse run down a track before an engine, animals leaping along before a prairie fire, or to escape a cyclone, you can imagine the feelings which impelled me. It was merely a matter of getting around the herd, but they were closing in on me, and a fall, an accident of any kind, meant being trampled to death. I soon saw that it was useless to attempt getting around the herd; it was too big and the start was too great, and so I simply ran for it, ran for life.

"You never saw a stampede? Well, imagine eight or ten thousand cattle, perhaps more, impelled by fear or terror, dashing along, crowding together. A living glacier; it is irresistible; nothing can stop it; a surging, solid mass, rushing blindly forward, with a roar and noise which shakes the very earth. Imagine something like this, and you can realize something, perhaps, of the features of a stampede. It is merely the wild rush of terrified cattle or buffaloes.

"I ran before them twenty minutes, and of course gained, and, seeing some buttes at a distance of a mile or more, I thought I could make them, and would consequently be safe. But life is uncertain, and so is riding in this country, as, without any warning, I came upon this canyon. I took in the whole situation at a glance. If I went down, the animals would fall upon me. If I stayed on the edge, they would trample me to death. There was but one chance—that I could turn back the herd, and I took it. I ran at them, firing my rifle, bowling them over, yelling and screaming as a man can only scream if it is for life. But the roar of their feet was so loud that I doubt if they could have heard me.

"On they came, like a whirlwind, and, turning again, I made for the canyon. I reached the edge about a thousand yards ahead, and, dismounting, I started my horse back to take his chance, and flung myself over the side. There wasn't much time to think, but I thought the best place would be at the edge. So I crept as close to it as possible, and at the steepest place, and waited.

"What were my sensations? Well, I can hardly tell. I was pretty certain that my day had come, and I remember trying to brace up, and I thought of my old mother; but I didn't have much time. On they came, and then I was buried with earth, and the next second I saw buffaloes go shooting over the edge. They went as if they had been shot out of a gun, clearing the edge and striking many feet below. Hundreds of them, it seemed, and, for all I know, thousands, went over before they stopped. You see, the tremendous pressure behind pushed those in front on, so that they could not help themselves, and it was some time before the front ranks could stop the rush, and not before many had gone over. I had been saved by the hardness of the soil above me. A part of it had given way and covered me up, but a shelf of clay held, and to it I owe my life. I dragged myself up the slope, more dead than alive, and about the first thing I saw was my companion riding up, while the buffaloes were a cloud of dust in the south. It seems that he had, thinking to get the start of me, gone around and begun to fire into the herd from behind, and had thus created the stampede. He didn't know any better, so I couldn't say much.

"The bottom of the canyon was about full of dead and wounded buffaloes. I never saw such a sight before and never want to again. Perhaps," concluded the old hunter, "you have been under the fall at Niagara. Well, just imagine the water living buffaloes and you can imagine my situation. My horse I never saw again. Whether he went into the canyon or not I don't know."

Many animals are subject to stampede, but especially those that are accustomed to herd. When they are large and powerful the most frightful results may follow. It sometimes occurs among elephants, when entire plantations are wrecked and fences and houses are ruined.

In the sea-lion rookeries of the Alaska coast some curious stampedes and exciting incidents are often seen. At certain seasons of the year the Aleuts have a drive of "seevitchie," as the lions are called. It is generally begun in September or October.

The largest and strongest Aleuts are selected for the purpose, who, with provisions, repair to the vicinity of the rookery. At night, when the sea-lions are lying in the sand above high-water mark, they make their first attempt. Armed with sticks, guns and clapping bones, they creep down to the water's edge, and finally, with much skill and maneuvering, place themselves between the sea-lions and the water, and, at a given signal, rush with yells and screams at their victims. The sea-lions awake, and hearing the terrible noise, dash away in a stampede, each one rushing in the direction in which he happened to be sleeping. In this way half may go inland, while the rest head for the men. In the latter case there is some danger, but, as a rule, the Aleuts escape injury. The sea-lions come hopping, floundering along, making marvelous speed for such huge creatures and care nothing for the men in their blind rush.

The stampede of the sea-lions ends disasterously to the most of them. They flounder inland, and are then followed and driven to the houses of the men by shouts and cries. There stakes are placed in the ground about them, forming a rude corral. To the posts streamers of cloth are attached, and their fluttering in the wind prevents the foolish sea-lions from escaping. Other catches are added until finally two or three hundred sea-lions are corralled, when the final march is taken up. The sea-lions are liberated and headed in the direction of the Aleut village, ten or twelve miles away, and driven there, the journey taking from one to two weeks.

Among wild horses the stampede is an exciting spectacle, the animals literally running away in a body. It is the custom among Indians to create a stampede among horses and cattle when they wish to appropriate some of them, and, in the confusion that results, not a few are driven off and secured.

It was once my good fortune to witness a stampede of eels. A certain pond on the Maine coast was fed by a brook, but at high water the ocean flowed in, so that it might be said to be salt at high tide, and fresh or brackish at low tide. The conditions seemed to be particularly favorable for the propagation of eels, and the muddy bottom was fairly alive with them, many of them of large size. As the tide ebbed, many eels went into salt water.

One evening I had occasion to cross the creek with a friend just at nightfall. The little brook had dwindled down to a mere stream, a foot or so wide, and as we stepped over it was seen to be black with eels. My companion inadvertently stepped in among them, and at the instant the living river broke, and a remarkable stampede occurred. Hundreds of forms, ranging from two to three or more feet in length, broke away and dashed over the dry but slippery beach, covering it in every direction with a wriggling mass of eel life. The terrified animals dashed up towards the shore and in every direction, though ultimately turning and making for the distant water. Some of them traversed, to reach it, over three hundred feet of dry land.

Among all animals the feeling of alarm and sudden terror is liable to have the same result—a wild break, a rushing this way and that; even among men it is not uncommon. In every war sudden surprises have resulted in a stampede, where hundreds of men, ordinarily brave, have rushed headlong to escape the supposed or actual danger, stampeded just as they might if they were sea-lions or buffalo.—C. F. Holder, in Youth's Companion.

TOO MUCH LEARNING.

Alarming Increase in the Number of Professional Men.

The alarming increase in the number of learned men forms the theme of a statistical work which has just been issued by a Gottingen professor. Dr. Lexis' figures refer more especially to Germany, though they are not much less applicable to many other parts both of Europe and America.

Taking the number of students entered on the books of the twenty-one Teutonic universities at 29,000—Berlin heading the list with less than 5,000, while Rostock brings up the rear with something over 300—the professor shows that fully one-half of these hopeful youths are doomed to a life of poverty and disappointment. The vast majority of these 29,000 burschen are looking forward to becoming lawyers or doctors or pastors or schoolmasters or in some other way, either in private life or as servants of the state, to earn their bread by means of the education they are at present so laboriously acquiring.

This is not the first time that a similar alarm has been sounded. No less a personage than Prof. Virchow recently advised young men to abandon all thought of finding a career in medicine, and more than once, both in America and in Great Britain, figures have been published showing that there are no patients for half the doctors, or no clients for half the lawyers, or churches for a fifth of the curates who are every year let loose upon the world.

The rush to the learned professions began, it is sometimes affirmed, after the depression in agriculture, and the corresponding rebound from the commercial prosperity of fifteen or twenty years ago. This may, no doubt, be partially true. But, as the same phenomenon has been noticed in every other country, the explanation must be sought a little deeper. The real cause will, we venture to think, be found in the ever-increasing tendency on the part of parents and their sons to look to the "gentlemanly professions" instead of the more lucrative and more certain callings of a less "genteel" description. In Germany and America this trait is perhaps exhibited in its most exaggerated form, simply because in those countries professional training is cheap and the preliminary education abundant or easy to attain. But we see it everywhere else. Since the school boards brought the three R's within the reach of every child, it is notorious that these youthful graduates have displayed a repugnance to the useful lives in which they have been born. They want to "better themselves" by becoming city clerks or nursery governesses. It is their first result produced by an unwonted state of affairs. By and by education will get too common to be marketable. It will then be regarded simply as a preliminary to any calling, and not as a necessary antecedent of what the Germans call "bread studies." A carpenter, or a blacksmith, or a machinist, or a storekeeper will discover that he is none the worse for being a good scholar, and will even find that in the enhanced esteem, the greater pleasure, and the enlarged chances in life which it gives him, he is quite as much benefited by his education as if he had sought to earn his living by means of it directly.—London Standard.

OUR NATIONAL WEALTH.

Three-Fifths of It Possessed by Thirty-One Thousand Persons.

Let us inquire whether there is any excessive concentration of wealth going on in the United States of America. Leaving mere clamor and unsupported assertions out of consideration, on either side, let us look into facts. As lately as 1847 there was but one man in this country who was reputed to be worth more than $5,000,000; and though some estimated his wealth at $20,000,000, there is no good reason for believing it to have been so great. At the smallest reasonable estimate, there must now be more than 250 persons in this country whose wealth averages over $20,000,000 for each. But let us call the number only 200. Income-tax returns show that the number of incomes when arranged in large classes multiplies by from three to five-fold for every reduction in the amount of one-half. For extreme caution, however, we estimate the increase in the number of incomes at a very much lower rate than this. At this reduced rate, the amount of wealth in the hands of persons worth over $500,000 each in the United States would be about as follows:

200 persons at	$20,000,000,	$4,000,000,000
400 "	10,000,000,	4,000,000,000
1,000 "	5,000,000,	5,000,000,000
2,500 "	2,500,000,	6,250,000,000
7,000 "	1,000,000,	7,000,000,000
20,000 "	500,000,	10,000,000,000
		$36,250,000,000

This estimate is very far below the actual truth. Yet, even upon this basis, we are confronted with the startling result that 31,000 persons now possess three-fifths of the whole National wealth, real and personal, according to the highest estimate ($60,000,000,000) which any one has yet ventured to make of the aggregate amount. Nor is this conclusion at all improbable.—Thos. G. Shearman, in Forum.

—A Rome girl sent a letter to an old flame the other day and the unkind man lit the gas with it.—Rome (Ga.) Sentinel.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JAN. 3, 1890.

GEN. CUTCHEON, of Michigan will introduce a bill into Congress calling for a census of those persons who served in the civil war. Superintendent of the Census Porter favors the plan.

LEVI P. MORTON is the most versatile of all actual or possible Vice Presidents. No man now living could run a railroad in Canada, a bank in London and a buffet in Washington without getting his mind off his official business of presiding over the United States Senate.

THE Republican leaders in Congress have determined to report a Federal Election bill to the House. It will never pass, however, as their majority is too small to pass a bill that would violate the constitutional rights of the States and the Democrats will use every means in their power to prevent it.

GOVERNOR BEAVER has appointed the following gentlemen to serve on the commission to revise and consolidate the laws relating to the construction and improvement of the roads and public highways of the Commonwealth: David McCargo, Pittsburg; Jacob Bolard, Conneautville, Crawford county; Cyrus Gorden, Clearfield; H. S. Goodwin, South Bethlehem; Samuel R. Downing, West Chester.

THE New York Courts have decided that execution by electricity is constitutional. There are several murderers in that State that have been convicted and sentenced to be executed but their lawyers have had their lives prolonged by testing the constitutionality of the new law which provides for their execution by electricity. Now that the law has been declared constitutional the lightning will soon be put to work.

IT is estimated at the Treasury Department that there has been a decrease of nearly $4,000,000 in the public debt during the month of December. This makes a total reduction for the first half of the present fiscal year of $24,065,616, as compared with a reduction of $31,522,398 during the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. The reduction for the calendar year ending to-day is $81,481,273, against a reduction of $91,536,148 for the calendar year 1888.

HENRY W. GRADY, of Atlanta, Georgia, died of pheumonia in that city on Monday of last week. He was a noted journalist and was the best known and most popular newspaper man in the South. Standing in the front rank of journalism no man had a brighter career before him. His sickness was of brief duration and was contracted during his recent trip North. The Atlanta, Ga., *Chronicle* says: "In the death of Mr. Grady the South has lost her most gifted, eloquent and useful son."

THE Washington correspondent of the Pittsburg *Post* is authority for the statement that Congressman Samuel J. Randall is slowly dying and may pass away at any time without warning. His ailment is pronounced as of a cancerous nature, and he has shrunk to a mere shadow of his former self, the emanciation being in his face as well as his limbs and body. It is alleged that did he but know his real condition he would not last a day. As it is, he keeps up courage, and speaks of soon being at work again.

WHILE he was Minister to Turkey the late Samuel S. Cox received from the Sultan several beautiful and valuable decorations, which have been on exhibition in the National Museum, and were intended by Mrs. Cox to remain there permanently. But it turns out that, according to the Mohammedan custom, when a person who has been decorated dies the jewels must be returned to the Government, and Mrs. Cox has received notice that those which were presented her husband will have to be sent back.

AN associate press dispatch from Topeka, Kansas, of the 24th of December, says: A State official, who returned from a trip throughout Northwestern Kansas, says that thousands of bushels of corn are being burned for fuel. In some counties the price of corn is less than 15 cents per bushel, while coal is from 25 to 35 cents per bushel. The corn makes an excellent fuel. The corn crop is immense. In all the principal corn producing counties it is stacked up in great racks without protection of any sort, it having been impossible for the last 30 days to obtain cars to move it in. The railroads have been unable to supply the extraordinary means of transportation. Every railroad is short from 500 to 2,000 cars.

THE influenza alias "la grippe" or the grip, a disease that has been ravaging Europe, has made its appearance in this country and a great many people in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other cities have been attacked with it. The disease resembles somewhat the well known epizootic that has at times been quite prevalent among the horses all over the country. The symtems are much the same as of a bad cold, much sneezing being one of the inevitable accompaniments. A writer in the Philadelphia *Medical, News* says: "Influenza comes suddenly; goes as quickly. The least robust, at any age, and women seem to be the first victims. It is here a question of bodily condition, not of sex. The large number simultaneously attacked attracts general attention, and thus those most impressionable are seized, the onset being facilitated by any depressing emotion like fear or illness. There is no rigor properly to be thus designated, but rather a series of light chills and a feeling of heat therewith.

JUDGING from the present temper of the Republican party, says the New York *Star*, there would not seem to be the slightest chance that President Harrison would ever be renominated. He is not popular with the leaders, the rank and file have always been indifferent to him, and by the nation he is now regarded as a statesman a little bigger than Wanamaker but of less calibre than Hayes.

But if General Harrison has lost strength rapidly time has not dealt gently with the candidates who were opposed to him in the Republican Convention. Governor Foraker, who, if he had carried Ohio for a third time, would have been a very dangerous man in 1892, has been buried forever by his own trickery and Murat Halstead's stupidity. Senator Sherman can hardly hope to ever have a good fighting chance again; but he is strong enough, and has the wish to kill Alger's chances. Major McKinley is a "busted" phenomenon, and Gresham has sunk into innocuous desuetude. Senator Allison is engaged in a desperate fight now to retain his present seat, and by the time he is through with that there will not be much Presidential timber in Iowa.

Of all the candidates who were seriously considered at Chicago, Secretary Blaine is the only one whose prestige has not been seriously impaired since that time. Of course, Mr. Depew stands better to day with the nation than he ever did, but he was never seriously considered at Chicago after the strength of the opposition to his nomination in the Granger States was understood. There ought to be a good chance for Wanamaker or Quay in 1892.

AN Amendment to the census law, says the Pittsburg *Post*, has been proposed in Congress providing for the collection of statistics showing the amount of mortgage indebtedness on the farms and the homes of the country. The Amendment ought to pass, but the Indianapolis *Sentinel* thinks that it will be defeated, for the reason, as it says, that "the Republican party does not want the country to know how rapidly the mortgages have been multiplying upon American farms and homes under the influence of the 47 per cent monopoly tariff.

The superintendent of the census opposes this investigation, for the alleged reason it is an inquiry into the private business relations of the people. So are many of the census questions. It is not the isolated fact that is desirable, but the condition of the people in bulk, so that there may be a study of causes and the cure. But to get this the inquiry must include everybody. At any rate mortgages are a matter of record.

IN this age of progress the newspaper is one of the necessities of life and a daily paper is now almost within the reach of every one. Among the great newspapers of to-day the Pittsburg *Dispatch* keeps to the front in Western Pennsylvania, and is steadily forging ahead in its onward career to reach the pinnacle of journalism. Its Sunday edition which contains twenty pages of carefully edited reading matter has now a circulation of 50 000 and is constantly increasing. As a newsgatherer the Daily *Dispatch* cannot be excelled as it has every facility for the work that money and expense can secure and is represented in all parts of the country by able correspondents. If you want a first class newspaper, get the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

THE Government at Washington is Republican. It represents not the ideas and traditions of the American people, but the interests and privileges of a plutocracy. It is not in sympathy with popular aspirations. All the tendencies of the Republican party are toward centralization of the power of government and the erection of social classes. The bills introduced for this purpose in the present Congress are revolutionary of our system of government. And think of it! This Government can lend its naval display to the inauguration of a new king in a country heartily tired of monarchy, but it has no countenance to give to a newly created republic!

MR. HARRISON'S administration, says the Albany *Argus*, has so far exhibited a policy of unrestrained extravagance, and with the new schemes that bid fair to pass both Houses of Congress it may be safely stated that the record for Federal expenditures will be beaten. In this respect, as well as others, the contrast between Republican rule and the last Democratic Administration will be most striking. The protection promised so glibly to the people a year ago is already assuming the shape of squeezing more unmercifully and robbing them for the benefit of lobbyists in addition to bleeding them to still further enrich monopolies and favored manufactusers.

OVER 1,600 men and boys are out on a strike in the mining districts near Punxsutawney, Pa. and the operators have imported 100 Pinkerton men to aid them in keeping down the strikers. There are a number of Hungarians and Italians, on the Ground ready to take the places of the striking miners and it is hourly expected that there will be a bloody conflict. Writs of ejectment have been issued on the part of the coal companies, which if executed, will put out in the cold between 500 and 600 families and it is said that even the women and children are preparing to resist.

NELLIE BLY, who is journeying around the world in 75 days or less, left Hong Kong on Sunday, was due at the Japanese metropolis, Yokohama, January 2. From Yokohama to San Francisco the voyage will be unbroken save by accident. Miss Bly should reach California not later than January 21, and New York between five and six days thereafter. It is possible that she may reach New York four or five days sooner than called for by her itinerary.

THE ex Empress of Brazil, wife of Dom Pedro, the recently deposed Emperor, died at Oporto, Spain, on Saturday, of heart disease, just as the Imperial family was about to start for France.

A Phase of European Politics.

As the year 1889 draws to its close the political situation in Europe shows no sign of substantial improvement. The disease from which the Kingdom of Italy suffers is not a mere transient influenza, but a deep-seated affliction of most dangerous tendency. To reckless financial management is assigned the first cause of Italy's present condition; but the real mischief lies in the ambitious policy developed by the Italian Government upon entering into the Three-Power Alliance with Germany and Austria Hungary to maintain the political balance of Europe. In endeavoring to keep pace with her wealthier and more powerful allies in military preparations for prospective war with Russia and France, Italy has fatally overstrained her financial resources.

Before the Italian Government was lured into the ambitious policy there was a considerable surplus in the National Treasury. But since then the Financial Minister has been compelled to wrestle with a constantly rising deficit, which in the present year amounts to something between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000. Such a situation will scarcely be comprehended in a country the National Treasury of which contains a surplus of double that amount.

As is not unusual in such cases, the politicians who egged the Italian Government into the alliance with Germany and Austria, and rejoiced over the proud position which their country thus assumed in the affairs of Europe, are unwilling to accept the financial responsibilities entailed by the alliance. The Deputies in the Italian Chamber contemplate in alarm the steadily rising treasury deficit, and hesitate to impose fresh burdens on the backs of a poor and well-nigh exhausted people.

The curse of the situation is that the Italian Government must maintain its enormous military expenditures or lose what has already been gained in the struggle to elevate Italy to the rank of a first-class Power. With the new inventions in the enginery of war, increasing demands are made by the military establishments of Europe upon the government fisc, and fresh sacrifices must be made every year to Moloch. As Germany and Austria increase their military preparations their ally of Italy must maintain their pace or fall back into the position of a second or third rate Power, incapable of exercising any influence in the politics of Europe.

In the meantime, while the financial affairs of Italy are hastening to a crisis, Russia patiently pursues her waiting policy, confident that when ripe the fruit of her cunning diplomacy will drop into her lap. It is pretty evident, too, that Russia has impressed the wisdom of this Fabian policy upon the statesmen of France, who see in it future opportunities which the present does not afford for settling accounts with both Germany and Italy. It is calculated that Russia's military preparations will not have been fully completed until 1892, and that until then the peace of Europe will be tolerably secure. But in the interval what is to become of the Germanic-Austrian-Italian alliance? Before that time the enormous expenditures entailed by the alliance upon Italy will have brought on a crisis, and Austria-Hungary will have become more deeply involved in financial embarrassment, as well as in conflicts of races which threaten the Empire with dismemberment.

For the alliance of Three Powers the only alternative seems to lie in prompt military action, or in bringing about a general disarmament in Europe. It is impossible for Italy as well as Austria to much longer endure the financial strain of military preparation. The people of both countries are growing restive under their heavy burdens, and will not submit to fresh exactions except in case of actual war. A decisive conflict would be less fearful than the anxiety and the vast expenditures caused by the present situation. Unable much longer to depend on her exhausted allies, Germany will be compelled to seek new combinations; and Russia may march to Constantinople by the Route through Vienna.

The pregnant question with the Three Powers now is whether they shall fight when the spring of 1890 shall open, or wait until the common enemy shall have completed his preparations, and until the alliance shall have become weakened by financial exhaustion and political dissensions in Austria and in Italy.—*Phila. Record.*

GOVERNOR ELECT JAMES E. CAMPBELL, of Ohio, in an interview in Chicago on Monday said: "The issues of the late election," said Governor Campbell "were the tariff question and some questions of State Government, especially touching the management of cities and towns of their own affairs. The issues in the election of Congressmen next Fall will be the tariff question and perhaps some other questions in a sense personal to the Federal Administration.

"The tariff question will be an issue in every election until one or the other of the two great parties keeps its pledges of reducing the tariff taxes.

"If the Republicans enact any tariff legislation I think it will be practically the so-called 'Senate bill,' which was offered as a substitute for the Mills bill. The Senate bill provides for a more highly protective tariff than the present revenue laws. If it becomes a law the issue will take the form of whether the people will indorse it or not. Of course, if the Republicans don't legislate on the subject at all, as they may not, the question will remain as it is—the issue of a reduction of taxes.

"The late elections was carried on the issue of tariff reform. We propose to make the congressional fight on the same issue next Fall. In 1891, just a year prior to the Presidential election, there is another gubernatorial election. That will be fought on the issue of tariff reform. Unless the Republicans can carry the State then they haven't much show to carry it in 1892, and without Ohio the Republicans might as well abdicate all hope of electing a President.

"Republicans themselves recognize this, and they will doubtless make extraordinary efforts to get the State back into the Republican fold. But they will have to do it right on this issue of tariff reform. There are no mugwumps in Ohio. Men are either Democrats or Republicans, and they will be either for tariff reform or against it. We shall commence an educational campaign on this question right off and keep it up."

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at the drug store of E James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto, as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle, free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Alterative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50 cents and $1 per bottle, by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa., and W. W. McAteer, Loretto, Pa.

The Taxes on Drink and Smoke.

As might well have been anticipated, the scheme to repeal or reduce the tobacco and whiskey taxes is meeting with stern resistance among the people, without regard to party. In Burlington, Iowa, a petition is in circulation, especially among Republicans, requesting that Representative Gear use his influence in Congress to reduce tariff taxes on necessaries of living and raw materials rather than to remove the internal taxes from tobacco and whiskey. The Burlington *Hawkeye* (Republican) has declared emphatically in favor of the principle embodied in this petition. Joining in the chorus, the *Free Methodist*, of Chicago, significantly notifies the President and the Republican party that they are "on the wrong track if they imagine they can conciliate an enlightened, conscientious people by cheapening tobacco and whiskey in order to maintain high prices for sugar and woolen clothing, for shoes and hats, for printing paper and types and other necessaries."

While the scheme of repealing the taxes on tobacco is still adhered to, the repeal of the taxes on whiskey has been well nigh abandoned under the wholesome dread of public opinion. It is proposed to undermine the internal revenue system by removing the internal tax upon fruit brandy and on alcohol used for manufacturing purposes. There is a strong argument in favor of releasing alcohol for such uses from tax, if this could be accomplished without serious injury to the revenues. But the inevitable effect of such a policy would be to introduce demoralization and fraud into the internal revenue system and render the system itself not worth preserving.

On the other hand, the repeal of the taxes on tobacco has not a respectable argument to support it. The tax effects none but the consumers of tobacco, and they are making no complaint of its light burdens. The only effect of repealing the tax would be to deprive the Government of $30,000,000 of fiscal revenues in order to maintain oppressive tariff taxes on raw materials and articles of necessity which bring little revenue to the Treasury, but swell the profits of greedy tariff beneficiaries. —*Phila Record.*

Our Duty to the Brazilians.

The dispatches in the nature of semi-official bulletins from the Brazilian Minister of Finance to the Representative of that Government at Washington continue to be very interesting. As work of the "literary bureau" of the new Republic they are highly creditable, and there is no reason to doubt their accuracy. They serve to counterbalance the reckless inventions of speculative cliques, and they supply to the friends of popular government material with which to meet the intrigues of monarchists who are laboring for the destruction of the infant Republic.

Senator Eustis of Louisiana, who is a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has expressed the Democratic view of the situation succintly, with clearness and ability. He declares that the proper thing for this Government to have done was to have promptly recognized the new Republic in the most hearty and unmistakable terms, as was done through Minister Washburne when the Republic was proclaimed in France. If, he says, we wait until after the election of the Constituent Assembly, we will present the sorry spectacle of trotting along in the train of the Czar of Russia, the Shah of Persia, the Sultan of Turkey and all the despots of the world, who will then be compelled to recognize the Brazilian Republic as a matter of course, if, indeed, the new-born republicanism of the great South American country should so long survive the blighting affect of passive but deadly hostility.

There is but one honest and patriotic course for the Harrison Administration to pursue. It is far better to openly confess a grave error and to set to work to remedy it than to persevere in the course inconsistent with our own interests and institutions.

The President should without any further delay recognize the Republic of Brazil in so formal, emphatic and cordial a manner as to repair in so far as is possible the grave injustice our policy has already inflicted, and to serve notice upon the governments of the world that the Republic of the United States of North America stands firmly by the Republic of the United States of Brazil.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Tariff Hearings.

That section of the House of Representatives over which McKinley presides, the Ways and Means committee, is spending its holiday week trying to find out how to frame a tariff bill that will please everybody. At least the committee has asked everybody to appear and speak his mind on the subject. Perhaps everybody has not accepted the invitation, but the committee has not yet gone to sleep for lack of some one to talk to it on tariff.

Naturally those who are interested in the maintenance of the existing high tariff rates have so far done most of the talking. Their large profits depend upon a high tariff, and they can well afford the time and money a trip to Washington costs if by so small an expenditure they can retain so great an advantage. Quite as naturally those upon whom high tariff rates press with grinding force—the consumers of manufactured goods and manufacturers taxed for their raw material—do not appear in great force before the committee. They cannot afford to, as unnessary tariff taxation does not leave them either leisure or money for such a trip.

For these reasons the hearings now in progress before the committee are likely to confirm Mr. McKinley and his Republican colleagues in the determination to maintain the existing high rate of duties upon most articles. And yet, if Mr. McKinley honestly wishes to get at the real sentiment of the majority of the voters on this subject, he will go out of his way a little to learn what the people who can't afford a journey to Washington think about it.—*Phila. Times.*

The Electric Killing Apparatus a Success.

AUBURN, N. Y., December 31.—The special committee appointed to test the efficiency of the electrical machines which Harold I. Brown has sold to the State to be used in putting murderers to death, arrived in this city this morning and made several tests, using a horse and a calf. A current of about 1,000 volts was used. The horse was killed first. The wires were attached to his head and to one of his hind feet, just below the gambril joint. The animal was instantly killed, the time of the contact being less than half a minute. The horse made no struggle and there was no evidence that he suffered.

In the experiment on the calf the time of contact was less than ten seconds. As soon as the calf fell over and the current was cut off Dr. Fell performed the operation of tracheotomy (opening the windpipe) and applied his patent resuitating apparatus, maintaining an artificial respiration for half an hour, but the poor calf was beyond the help of science. In this case there was not suspended animation. The alternating current had done its deadly work so effectively that death was instantaneous.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A cylinder burst in the coke room of the American Powder Mills, in South Acton, Mass., killing Charles H. Sanders, and fatally injury Joseph Hurd.

—Two freight trains on the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad collided at Baltimore, badly injuring Engineer Minnick. Seven cars and engines were wrecked.

—Five children were bitten by a vicious dog while returning from school near Fort Recovery, Ohio. All the children have since developed symptoms of hydrophobia.

—The special commission of judges appointed to investigate charges made by the London *Times* against Parnellite members of the House of Commons have finished their report, but it will not be published before Parliament meets.

—While sixteen girls were preparing a Christmas cantata in a public school in Detroit, Mich., their costumes were ignited by contact with a candle. Jennie Lancaster was burned to death, and all the others were injured, four dangerously.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has ordered more freight locomotives, making seventy-seven ordered in two months. The road is doing the largest business in its history, and is pushed to its utmost capacity to provide rolling stock.

—A subscriber to the Nyack (N. Y.) *Journal* wrote asking the editor of that paper to publish the ten commandments. The editor refused the request, on the ground that some reader might take their insertion as an intended personal dig, and stop the paper.

—The express train south on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad ran down and killed William and John John Angel, German laborers, on the trestle near Shouston, Pa., on Tuesday afternoon. The men were in the centre of the bridge when the engine came along at full speed. Before it could be stopped they were struck by the engine and knocked off the trestle, falling a distance of forty feet. When picked up both were dead.

—While returning from a Christmas eve dance early on Wednesday morning Miss Mamie Campbell and her escort, Benjamin Lovett, both of Wilkinsburg, were struck by the Oyster Express on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Edgewood, Pittsburg. Miss Campbell received injuries that resulted in her death in a few hours, and Lovett was so badly hurt that his recovery is considered improbable. The bodies of both the young people were terribly mangled. Miss Campbell was 18 years of age and Lovett a year her senior.

—A family named Cross, consisting of the parents and eight children, with a visitor, were consumed in their burning dwelling at Hurontown, Michigan, early on Tuesday morning. Help came, but too late, and the spectators could only stand by and hear the agonizing cries of the victims. After the fire was out a searching party went over the ruins and discovered the charred remains of the eleven bodies, distinguishable only by the size of the bones. The fire is alleged to have been started by the parents, who returned home intoxicated from a dance.

—News has been received at Springfield, Mo., that a desperado named Jacob Gregory, at a dance in McDonald county, southwest of there, a few nights since, became involved in an altercation with Norman Hager, at whom he fired a shot in the darkness. The bullet missed Hager and struck Adolphus Griffith near the heart. Griffith, who was a highly respected young man, spoke only a few words before he died. Gregory mounted a horse and made good his escape, and at last accounts was still at large. The murder has created intense excitement in this county.

—Mrs. Pinckney Lowe, wife of the boss of the Philadelphia & Reading roundhouse in Allentown, this State, met a sad death at noon on Christmas. She had roasted a turkey and cut off a small piece to see whether it was done, when the meat stuck in her throat. Her choking attracted the attention of her two daughters, who were in another part of the house and who ran to her aid. Vigorous pounding on the back of the woman dislodged the meat, but violent hemorrhages followed and she died in half an hour. She leaves a husband and several children.

—A very distressing sight was witnessed at Connellsville on Christmas evening. A family of eight persons, consisting of mother, father and six children, were discovered in a starving condition near Moyer, and were sent to the county home. All the family were in a dying condition. The father and mother had been taken ill from fever, and as they lived in an isolated place, the children could procure no aid. Their condition was accidently discovered by a farmer who chanced to visit the house. The family had reached such a stage that it was believed none could recover.

—The Academy of Music, in course of erection at St. Louis, fell in a heap on Monday morning. Several workmen were missing after the crash and the firemen searched the ruins. The searched revealed only one wounded man, William Litford, who has a rib broken and is somewhat bruised. Nobody was killed as was at first reported. The building, which was being constructed in part of the old Cyclorama and was to be opened in March by Mr. Jacobs, the Chicago manager, is a mass of rubbish. The cause of the accident is not yet known, but it is thought there was a bed of quicksand under it.

—A double murder was committed at Mount Sterling, Crawford county, Wis., on Sunday morning, Jerry O'Neil and his wife were fatally shot while in bed, the former in the breast, and the latter in the stomach, by an unknown assailant. The victims were well-to-do and inoffensive. They were about fifty years of age. The shots awoke two daughters, who slept near the old folks. Their cries summoned the rest of the family, who were in the second story, but the murderer had escaped. What the object was is not known, as nothing was stolen. There were eight members of the family in the house at the time, most of them full grown people.

—George Taylor, twelve years old, was arrested at Lancaster, Pa., on Saturday, on complaint of his father, who alleges that he is incorrigible and beyond his control. The boy said he would die rather than go to jail, and shortly after being placed in a cell in the station house tried to hang himself with a pair of suspenders. He was cut down by the turnkey, and in less than an hour made a second attempt, tearing his shirt into strips and using them for a rope. He was again cut down, and by great efforts his life was saved. The officers then handcuffed him so that he could not harm himself. The boy says he will hang himself the first chance he gets.

—A mob of several hundred men raided the jail at Barnwell Court House, West Virginia, at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, overpowered the jailer and took out eight negro prisoners charged with murder. These were Ripley Johnston and Mitchell Adams, charged with murdering a man named Heffernam, and six others, charged with the murder of young Martin. The prisoners were taken out of town and shot to death. The jailor was tied and forced to accompany the lynchers. The whole thing was conducted in a very skilful manner, the citizens of the town not knowing anything about it. A great many negroes are collected at the scene of the lynching and more trouble is anticipated.

—Russia in 1888 produced more petroleum than the United States, a fact which may be news to some readers.

—The body of Miss Belle Lundy, of Blairsville, who mysteriously disappeared a few days ago, was found in the river below that place recently.

—While four boys between the ages of six and eight years were playing under the edge of a sand bank in the eastern portion of Jackson, Tenn., on Monday afternoon the bank caved in, burying them under about ten feet of sand. Life was extinct before they could be released.

—Abner Mitchell, one of the leading farmers in Erie county, was struck by the Philadelphia & Erie train last Tuesday night. Both horses of his team were killed and Mitchell was crushed almost out human semblance. He had his head wrapped up in a muffler and did not hear the train.

—Hugh James Whitely died recently under suspicious circumstances. An investigation has resulted in the Coroner's jury returning a verdict that he died from the effects of poison administered by his wife. After her husband's death, Mrs. Whitely remarried, and is now Mrs. E B. Edwards. She has been arrested and lodged in jail.

—George Shippey, a notorious horse thief and the murderer of Farmer Charles Gannery, was captured in the woods near Uniondale, Pa., on Saturday night. Shippey broke jail at Tunkhannock some weeks ago. He attempted to escape from his captors while on the train Saturday but was overpowered by the officer after a desperate struggle, in which both were injured slightly.

—Joseph McGovern, of Portersville, attempted to commit suicide at Butler late Saturday night by shooting himself in the head. He placed the muzzle of the revolver back of his left ear and pressed the trigger, but the weapon was not held at the proper angle for effective work, and the ball only made a slight wound on the skull. McGovern is fifty-one years old and a tailor by trade.

—Two men on their way to the penitentiary from Mercer county, on Wednesday of last week, in charge of a deputy sheriff, jumped from a Fort Wayne railroad train and escaped. The prisoners were handcuffed together but had broken their irons before jumping from the rapidly moving train which was stopped while the deputy sheriff and others made an unsuccessful hunt for the fugitives.

—Lewis Hansley, colored, of near Felton, Delaware, objected to the young man who was paying attentions to his daughter, Sarah, and threatened her with chastisement if she continued to receive his visits. Sarah, a very bright mulatto, concluded to get rid of the old man, and on Monday she mixed Paris green with the molasses he ate on his buckwheat cakes. The old man cannot recover. Sarah was lodged in jail. She admits her guilt.

—A son of Lee Hellman, of Cochran's Mills, Armstrong county, aged 9 years, met with an awful death some days ago. He attempted to lead a fractious horse to water. To hold the animal better, the lad wrapped the strap about his forearm. Becoming frightened the horse ran away. The boy was dragged for a distance over the frozen ground. When found, the boy's neck was broken, his arm fractured and his entire body shockingly bruised and mutiliated.

—A sad Christmas tradegy occurred at Reading. Austin Hubert, aged nine, and his brother Oliver, aged fifteen, were shooting at a mark in the yard of their father's residence with a rifle which had been presented to Oliver for a Christmas gift. While the boys were shooting Austin stepped between Oliver, who had the rifle, had the target. The weapon suddenly discharged and the ball struck Austin and lodged in his heart. He ran a few steps crying, "I'm shot," when he fell over and expired in the arms of his mother. Oliver, who did the shooting, was so overcome that he took to his bed and has been ill ever since.

—A colored man named John Sprague caused much excitement and terror on the streets of Des Moines, Iowa, by chasing people around with an ax. He struck Abram Warford on the head, inflicting a serious wound, and threatened to kill several other people. He was caught in the cellar of his house by a Deputy-Marshal, who hurried him into a patrol wagon. The colored man was crazed with drink and fought furiously. He bit the Deputy-Marshal on the hand, but other officers came to the rescue and the criminal was soon overpowered. He broke loose again at the Court House, and was with difficulty retaken and carried to jail.

—James F. Woodward died in Atlanta on Sunday evening. Thursday night of last week Woodward, who is a well-known business man, was walking out Marietta street, when somebody stepped in front of him and asked if he was Jim Woodward. He answered the affirmative, and the man pushed a pistol to Woodward's breast and fired. Woodward walked to his sister's house, a mile or more away, and told the story as here given. He treated the matter lightly, and it was thought he would get well, but a relapse brought death. The police have kept the shooting as quiet as possible, hoping to catch the perpetrator.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt, and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5 00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

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Of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

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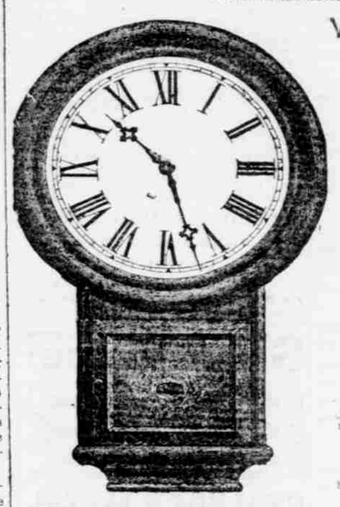

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The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

THE SUN FOR 1890.

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Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN SUN.

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Dec. 6, '89.-2m.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of John Wharton late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to

GILBAM McGUIRE, Clearfield Twp., Dec. 20, '89.-6t. Adm'r.

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A Daily and Weekly Newspaper.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1889.

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, . . JAN. 3, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Turkeys were scarce in Ebensburg on Christmas.

—Prof. T. B. Allison spent the holidays at Indiana.

—The Ebensburg Public Schools will resume next week.

—A ball was given in the Opera House on New Year's eve.

—All kinds of job work neatly executed at this office. Give us a call.

—Mr. E. B. Kittell, of Bellefonte, spent a few days in town last week.

—A fancy dress ball will be given at the Lloyd House to-night (Friday).

—Miss Madge Dick, of this place, is visiting relatives and friends in Indiana.

—Mr. Paul Fenlon, of Philadelphia, spent Christmas with his parents in this place.

—Mr. Philip Luttringer, of Ebensburg, spent a few days in Pittsburg last week.

—Mr. Albert Williams, of Homestead, Pa., formerly of Ebensburg, was in town last week.

—The band boys were out on New Year's Day and livened up the town with strains of sweet music.

—A big blacksnake, out for an airing, was killed near New Bloomfield, Perry county, on Christmas day.

—Mr. Stewart Kinkead, who has been in Ebensburg for some time, returned to Johnstown on Monday.

—Messrs. Frank Connell, John Scanlan and Thomas Kerr, of this place, were in Johnstown last week.

—Mr. A. T. Pindle who has been in Maryland for some months past, returned to Ebensburg on Christmas Day.

—Mr. Philip McDonald and wife, of Altoona, spent the holidays with relatives and friends in this place.

—Messrs. William and Thomas Doran, of Summerhill township, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—By an accidental fall on the streets of Hastings a few days ago Mr. James Sommerville dislocated his shoulder.

—Mr. Matthew Zahm, of this place, has accepted a clerkship in the bank of Johnston, Buck & Co., at Carrolltown.

—Miss Blanche Henry, who was home during the holidays, returned to St. Xavier's Academy on Thursday morning.

—On Monday, December 23d, the County Commissioners met and appointed H. A. Englehart, of Ebensburg, Mercantile Appraiser.

—Hon. John T. Griffith, and family and Professor E. A. Lyte and family, both of Kane Pa., are here on a visit to ex-Sheriff Griffith.

—Messrs. Johnston, Buck & Co., bankers, of this place, distributed a very handsome calendar to the citizens of Ebensburg on New Year's Day.

—Mr. John J. Davis, of Cambria township, has been laid up for several weeks with inflamatory rheumatism and is said to be in a precarious condition.

—Herman Fry, residing near Latrobe, had his left cheek shot off while out hunting, last week, but is unable to tell how it occurred. He is recovering.

—Mr. John C. Hanlin, of Tunnelhill, spent a few hours in town on Thursday and before he left added his name to the FREEMAN'S subscription list.

—Some of our oldest and best weather prophets have signally failed in all their predictions and have at last concluded to let the weather "go as she pleases."

—It is not often that New Years reaches us on the mountain top without sleighing but up to this time there has not been heard the jingle of a sleigh bell on our streets.

—Mother Aloysius, the venerable Superioress of the Sisters of Charity convent and school at Greensburg, died on Wednesday of last week. She was aged about 65 years.

—A man named Harshberger, from Summerhill, who was at work on the temporary bridge being built at East Conemaugh fell off the bridge on Tuesday and broke his thigh.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer, 804 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—In a freight wreck at McGarvey's station, near Altoona, on Friday last, a fireman named Charles English, was so badly injured that he died. He was 26 years old and unmarried.

—John L. Davis, formerly of this place, a son of William Davis, deceased, died at Blue Springs, Nebraska, on Christmas day from typhoid fever. He was about twenty-eight years of age.

—Masters Strang Henry, Robert Johnston, and Willie Shoemaker, all of this place, who are attending school at Emmetsburg, Maryland, spent the holidays at their respective homes.

—Edward Douglass a young lad of Chest Springs was thrown from a horse on Thursday night of last week, and was picked up in an unconscious condition. His injuries are serious.

—Anthony Glasser, son of Mr. Jacob Glasser, of Susquehanna township, who had both his feet cut off on the railroad at Johnstown some time ago has so far recovered as to be able leave the hospital.

—Mr. Edward Griffith, of this place, went to Port Royal on Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of consulting Dr. Graham, a well-known physician of that place, in regard to his leg which is getting sore again.

—A letter was received in this place a few days ago stating that Newton Lloyd, who was a native of Cambria township, but who left and went West a number of years ago, had died recently in New Mexico.

—McDonald at Loretto, Pa., wants butter, eggs, potatoes, beans, turnips, onions, apples, ear corn, oats, wheat and rye, also cabbage and sour kraut, for which he will allow the highest price; part cash paid if desired.

—Edward P. Tulgg, agent for the New York Catholic Publication Society, expired suddenly in that city on Sunday. He was a brother of the late Bishop Tulgg, and was in Altoona at the latter's funeral only a few weeks ago.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison & Son.

—John Ling, a young man about twenty-six years of age, in jumping off a rapidly moving train at Johnstown on Friday evening had both legs cut off. He lives with his father, Reuben Ling, at Armagh, Indiana county. He was removed to the hospital at once by order of Dr. Lowman, who amputated both feet and rendered him all the relief that medical skill could accomplish. The young man is stout and healthy and the physician has hopes for his ultimate recovery.

—Although Huntingdon county has been three years without a liquor license, there has been such an increase of drunkenness that it is believed a number of licenses will be granted to reputable places at the next term of court, and all the Huntingdon hotels will apply.

—A broken axle on an east bound freight train caused a wreck at the east end of the tunnel on Wednesday evening which blockaded the tracks and delayed travel for several hours. Twelve freight cars were wrecked but fortunately no one was hurt.

—Thieves effected an entrance into the cellar of the Central Hotel, in this place, sometime on Tuesday night by breaking the padlocks off two doors. It is not known what they took as they left the barrels, and the proprietor can only surmise that they carried away a jug or two of liquor.

—Mr. William Noel, a well-known citizen of Hastings, formerly of Carrolltown, where he was engaged in merchandising for a number of years, died at his home in Hastings on Monday last, aged about 61 years. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Carrolltown on Wednesday last.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has contracted with the Baldwin Locomotive Works for 55 heavy freight engines, which will soon be finished. The railroad company received 22 engines from the Baldwin works last month. The freight traffic of the road is very large and is increasing daily.

—Andrew Carnegie has authorized the officials of the Cambria Iron Company, to draw on him for funds to rebuild the Johnstown Public Library building which was destroyed by the flood. The library has an endowment fund of $40,000, and upon completion of their building will be in good shape.

—A swindler recently sold a Clinton county farmer a recipe for making his wheat weigh twice as much as it ought to, and signed a contract to divide the money gained by the extra weight with the scientific swindler. The "contract" eventually turned up as a promissory note and the farmer paid $8 for it.

—The barn of Jury Commissioner Samuel A. Crise, in Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, was entirely destroyed by fire Sunday night. A valuable horse and cow and all his crops and farming utensils were destroyed. Loss, $2,500; insured for $300. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

—The Ebensburg Normal School will open in the Public School building, this place, on Monday, April 21st. It will be conducted by R. H. Biter, B. E., of Gallitzin, and T. B. Allison, A. M., of Ebensburg, and as both are teachers of ability and experience, the school no doubt will be a success. For particulars see the circulars.

—Mr. Harvey Weaver, son of the late Charley Weaver, met with a serious accident on Thursday evening, December 26, on the road near Westover. The young man, team, wagon and load of shingles together, rolled down an embankment three or four rods. Mr. Weaver was quite severely injured but will likely recover.—*Cherrytree Record.*

—Edward E. Lantz, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, while weighing cars at Derry Sunday evening, fell from the top of a car and received injuries that will prove fatal. His right foot was smashed, his left arm broken, and he was injured internally. Lantz's home is at New Lebanon. He is 21 years old and unmarried. He was taken to the West Penn Hospital.

—The County Commissioners have made a contract with the Electric Light Company to light the court house throughout, including all the offices, and the placing of four lights of ten candle power each in the tower to illuminate the clock, while a large light in front of the building, together with the lighting of the jail and jail stable. The contract price is $400.—*Clearfield Public Spirit.*

—Calvin Kochenderfer, a young man from Bedford county, who was standing in the back door of a drug store in Hollidaysburg, on Monday evening heard two shots fired in rapid succession and felt a sharp pain in his left hand. On examination it was discovered that a bullet had torn away part of his thumb and first and second fingers, which had to be amputated. It is not known who did the shooting and the affair is wrapped in mystery.

—We notice the smiling countenance of Mr. W. B. Smitten, one of the proprietors of the Cambria county fence factory again on our streets. Mr. Smitten after an absence of a week or more enjoying the holidays has returned and farmers and others who wish to talk or purchase fence will find Mr. Smitten at the Mountain House. The fence is manufactured at the planing mill of Mr. E. B. Creswell, in this place, where it can be seen at any time and its merits will speak for itself. Go and take a look at it.

—J. E. Hutchinson, late Superintendent of the Altoona Division P. R. R., has been appointed Superintendent of the West Penn Division. This change causes the following appointments: A. C. Hippey, Engineer Maintenance of Way on Philadelphia & Erie Division, to be Superintendent of Altoona Division; W. B. Rohn, Car Clerk to Mr. Hutchinson, goes with him to the West Penn; Clarence E. Postlethwaite to be Car Clerk to Superintendent Hippey; John Moran to be Assistant Car Clerk. These appointments took effect on Wednesday.

—A dangerous counterfeit of the one dollar silver certificate has been put in circulation. It is perfect in detail and only a small fraction of an inch longer than the Treasury plate. Close inspection will undeceive anyone, as the note is very deficient in execution. The vignette of Martha Washington and the shading in the words "United States" on the face of the bill shows course engraving. The paper, too, is a poor glazed imitation of the Treasury paper, not showing any fibers at all, although if soiled or wrinkled the note would pass an occasional expert.

—Mr. J. C. Hess, the engineer whose thoughtfulness and heroism saved so many lives at East Conemaugh on the afternoon of the flood, was presented with a gold watch and chain by residents of East Conemaugh on Christmas day. The watch was purchased in Pittsburg and bears this inscription: "Presented to J. C. Hess by Persons Whose Lives Were saved at Conemaugh Pa., May 31, 1889." The presentation took place at a banquet on Christmas evening. Certainly no gift on Christmas day was more worthily bestowed than this.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—The Bell's Gap and Clearfield and Jefferson Railroad Companies voted on Friday, at Philadelphia, to consolidate, under the name of the Pennsylvania and Northwestern Railroad Company. The capital stock of the new company is $1,600,000, and the bonded indebtedness $1,650,000, an increase in each issue of $110,000 over the combined capitalization of the old companies. The new stock and bonds are apportioned pro rata among the stock and bond holders. The management expects to be able to pay 5 per cent. dividends upon the new stock, as it was the intention to merge the roads until their earning capacity was sufficient to pay 5 per cent. The consolidation takes effect January 1, 1890. The road is 63 miles long, extending from Bellwood, in Blair county, to Punxsutawney, in Jefferson county, tapping bituminous coal fields.

—The case of Elliott Robley against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for $28,000 damages, which was on trial at Huntingdon for two weeks, came to a sudden termination by Judge Furst directing the jury to find for the defendant. Mr. Robley, who lost his house, barn, stock and the greater part of his farm land by the disastrous June flood, alleged that the damming of the water by the company's bridge near his property was the direct cause of his loss. It was held by the court that the flood was "an act of God," and that therefore the railroad company could not be held responsible.

—Burt Dorman was arrested in Pittsburg about a month ago on the charge of drunkenness. Believing him to be a crook the Mayor sent him up for 30 days, and a correspondence was had with Mayor Turner of Altoona, which resulted in the arrest of Dorman on Saturday, charged with the attempted murder of William H. Lee, whose grocery store was robbed on the night of November 7th last. He was taken to Altoona on Monday and at a hearing in the Mayor's office Mr. Lee, who has recovered from the wound received, positively identified Dorman as the man who shot him, and he was held in default of $3,000 bail.

—Herman Fry, who lives near Weis' distillery, in Unity township Westmoreland county, while out hunting on Tuesday morning was fatally injured. He was crossing a fence and in some accidental manner the gun was discharged, blowing the top of his head off. He was not found until Wednesday morning when he was taken to the home of friends and properly cared for. Dr. Donnelly was called and administered to his wounds. Everything was done for the relief of the sufferer, but at last accounts he is lingering between life and death and it is impossible for him to recover. He was aged about twenty years.

—Xavier Francis Picavezz, alias Frank Franklin, a Frenchman, was arrested at the Pardee mines, near Phillipsburg, Pa., on Wednesday night, by Detective Benning, of New York City, on the charge of murder and robbery committed in France four years ago. Picavezz and a comrade were arrested at the time for the strangulation of a wealthy gentleman and his daughter, and while his comrade was convicted and punishment meted out to him, Picavezz succeeded in some way in making his escape, fleeing to this country. He is 38 years old and has a wife and four children in his native country. He admits the robbery but denies having committed the murder. He was taken to New York and will be extradited without delay.

Reade Township Items.

READE TOWNSHIP, Jan. 2, 1889.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—Mr. J. J. Hile, of Hooken. Pa., was the welcomed guest of his daughter, Miss Cornelia E. Hile, teacher of the Glasgow primary school, during Christmas.

Rev. W. A. Baier and wife of Glasgow, are visiting relations in Philadelphia.

Rev. M. G. Smith, the Baptist minister at Mountain Dale, is in the city of Philadelphia visiting his daughter, who is in one of the hospitals of that place undergoing a surgical operation.

The balmy air of last Christmas was fragrant in this locality with scent of orange blossoms. The merry wedding bells have pealed and at least four couples have been joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The following is the list of the benedicts: Wm. Lovell, of Glasgow, and Miss Eva Schmittie, of Mountain Dale; David Glass and Mary E. Hollen, of Roseland; Mart Mulhollum and Mrs. Susan Russel, of near Glasgow; Elis Miller, of Mountain Dale, and Miss Merle Mulhollum, of Fairley.

Rev. W. A. Baeir, the popular U. B. Minister, received a handsome gold watch as a present on Christmas morning. This was a surprise gift to the reverend gentleman and is an indication of the high esteem in which he is held in this locality.

The first re-union for fourteen years of the members of the family of Jos. G. Hollen was held on New Year's day at the old residence. It was a pleasant and highly enjoyable affair and marks a "red letter" day in the history of that family.

The school dignataries of this township held a business meeting on last Saturday.

On to-morrow the Bells Gap railroad will pass into the hands of the Pennsylvania railroad, and hereafter it will be known as the Pennsylvania North Western railroad.

Wedding cards are out for the marriage of Mr. Steward Clark and Miss Minnie Miller, both of Mountain Dale, which will take place to morrow.

The Christmas festival occasion was one of unusual enjoyment to the family of Mr. G. L. Davis, of near Glasgow. It was made so by visits from their sons, William and Frank and daughter Grace. The former was accompanied by his family and the latter lady by her husband and family. Messrs. Harry Campbell, of Glasgow, and Hommes Emheiser, of Altoona, were the invited guests on the occasion.

A festival for the benefit of the M. E. church was given at Mountain Dale last Tuesday evening. R. M.

Suicide.

On last Saturday morning about 10 o'clock Richard L. Davis, who kept a boot and shoe store on Julian street, in Ebensburg, took a dose of Paris green, from the effects of which, after lingering in great suffering until three o'clock, he died. The deceased about a year ago lost his wife since which time he had been drinking heavily at intervals, and lately more than usual. On Christmas day he went to Johnstown and returned the same night very much intoxicated and kept up the debauch until Saturday morning when he terminated his life. He had, on previous occasions, threatened to end his existence by suicide and on Saturday morning the lady with whom he boarded, noticed him with the Paris green and at once gave the alarm. He had, however, taken a large quantity of the poison and although medical aid was at once summoned he could not be relieved. He was conscious up until a short time before his death and admitted taking the poison with the intention of ending his life. He was about fifty-five years of age, had resided in Ebensburg for about twenty-five years, prior to which he lived in the State of New York, and during the war served in the 14th Brooklyn regiment. He was married about eighteen years ago to Miss Ann Howell of Cambria township, who preceded him to the tomb about a year ago. He leaves no children to mourn his untimely end.

Rider Haggard's Latest and Best Story

"Beatrice," by the wierd author of "She," begins exclusively in next Sunday's issue of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, which also gives a new series of letters by Bill Nye, funnier than ever. Mrs. Partington and her son Ike take a trip abroad; an enstallment of their diary will also appear each Sunday, together with many other good things which make the *Dispatch* a great newspaper. What better New Year's Gift than a subscription to its Sunday issue? The cost is only $2.50 a year.

Attendance at Indiana Normal.

The attendance at Indiana normal is larger at present than at any previous fall term. The winter term opens Dec. 30. The spring term opens March 31. Special classes will be organized during term for those who cannot come at the opening of term. Persons desiring information would do well to correspond early with the principal, Z. X. Snyder.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for two weeks ending Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1889:

Wm. C. Lowell and Eva E. Schmittle, Reade township.

Martin F. Mulholern and Susan C. Russell, Reade township.

Wm. Christ, Jr., Johnstown and Mary Strant, Upper Yoder township.

Edward S. Wilt, Johnstown and Mary A. Grfith, Stonycreek township.

Joseph Eisworth Miller, Mountain Dale and Sarah M. Troxell, Shirley, Pa.

R. F. Jackson and Eliza Jane Holstine, Johnstown.

Eli Harrison, Jackson township and Ellie Stutzman, Taylor township.

Isaac Musleman, Lilly and Mary Jane Seese, Washington township.

Edward A. Brown, Findley, Ohio, and Elvina Froser, Millville.

George W. Fainfax and Ida Sutherland, Johnstown.

Jonathan Kens and Sarah A. Bowers, Jackson township.

John E. Wilson and Catharine Edwards, Portage township.

Martin M. McDonald, Wilmore and Arabella Corener, Summerhill township.

George F. Ribbet and Emma S. Goughenour Franklin borough.

Charles M. Mitchell and Lizzie Coy, Franklin borough.

Stamstaus Tombrikt and Mena Kylee, Cambria borough.

Daniel H. Helsel and Allice M. Wolford, Adams township.

John Tennant and Lucy Lee, Johnstown.

J. P. Wissinger and Annie Orris, Johnstown.

David S. Glass and Mary E. Glass, Reade township.

Wm. A. Weaver and Amanda A. Geisel, Paint township, Somerset county.

Wm. Barnett and Sarah Ellen Hershberger, Richland township.

Steward M. Clark, Newburg, Huntingdon county, and Minnie M. Miller, Reade township.

Harry A. Baners, Latrobe, Westmoreland, and Minnie Robaugh, Wilmore.

Josiah F. Fusselman, East Waterford, Juniatta county, and Minnie Postway, Reade township.

Joseph Kant and Elizabeth Hipps, Johnstown.

Daniel C. Burk and Maggie A. Smitzer, Gallitzin borough.

Thomas L. Purdy, Cresson and Bridget Carland, Summit.

Isaac Coy and Rachael Mishler, Franklin borough.

Edgar M. Hill and Francis P. Parks, Franklin borough.

William Boolerbaugh and Mary Nagle, Gallitzin township.

John Foster and Nora Young, Johnstown.

A. H. Miller, Johnstown and Effa M. Beard, Indiana county.

"Thrown Upon the World."

"Thrown Upon the World," thrilling English melodrama, opened in this city for a week's engagement. The afternoon performance was given to a large audience but the evening saw the little theatre packed to the doors and holding the largest receipts so far this season. The piece is a dramatization of Charles Reade's novel, "It is never too late to Mend," and is given with a wealth of scenic effects, a good company and all the adjuncts of a first-class production. The star is Mr. Rutus Scott, who gives a good piece of work as Tom Shackford, and plays the part without the accustomed rant of the melodramatic nero. The specialities introduced were of a bright and lovel kind and added greatly to the success of the play. The stage setting calls for more than mere mention. The prison scene was something out of the general run, and the Australian hut, with the escape of the two men in a boat under the light of the blazing cabin, brought the audience to its feet with excitement. The piece seems destined for a week of very large business, as it is replete with startling situations, is well mounted, has plenty of the humorous about it and few dull spots.—*Boston Herald.*

"Thrown Upon the World" will appear at the Opera House, this place, next Saturday evening. Tickets for sale at James' Drug Store.

A New Coal Vein Opened.

Joseph Van Ormer, of Cambria county, was in the city yesterday (Tuesday) and reports the finding of a new coal vein at Van Ormer station, half a mile above Fallen Timber. This new find is a matter of great interest to people inhabiting that vast area of coal territory in Cambria county, and also to parties in Ebensburg, who have money invested in that section. Mr. Van Ormer has already leased his coal property to parties in Hollidaysburg, who propose to commence mining operations in the near future.

Many years ago a search was commenced for this vein of coal, which was known to exist, according to the geological structure of the formations in that section of country, and thousands of dollars have been expended in making developments, but the coal was not found near the railroad until discovered by Mr. Van Ormer, although a geologist, now residing in this city, opened the same vein about a half mile eastward, at Sunny Side, away back in the summer of 1857, a little more than thirty-two years ago.

There is some dispute as to what coal bed it is, geologically. Some call it the Miller vein, others the Lemon, Dougherty, Washanon, etc., but that is a matter of small account, when the coal is of good quality, as this certainly is, there being four feet, six inches of the clean, clear stuff.—*Altoona Times.*

Shirley Items.

Some of our farmers are ploughing their corn ground.

Miss Cora Barker, of Coalport, is visiting Miss Lily Foster.

C. B. Van Ormer and his lady, from Ashville, paid our town a flying visit on Tuesday, 24th ult.

Uncle Joe Van Ormer is sinking a shaft for a four-foot vein of coal which he is very confident of finding.

There will be a teachers' local institute held in Shirley school house, January 18, 1890.

Miss Ella Noel, of Irvona, our school teacher, is doing an excellent work here and we take pleasure in saying our school was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time.

J. B. McManamy, the carpenter who fell from a building some time ago and fractured some of his ribs is getting along nicely. We hope to see him out again in a few days.

On Tuesday morning, the 24th inst., Ella Miller, of Mountain Dale, and Miss Mertie Troxell, of Shirley, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Kreider, of Bellwood, officiating. The couple left on Fast Line for some of the eastern cities.

GYPSIE.

Institute.

The teachers of Clearfield and surrounding districts will hold an institute at St. Augustine on Saturday, January 11th, commencing at 9 o'clock.

Program: A Month's Work in Drawing, W. L. Behe. What Directors can do, W. L. Carl. Drills for Children, Alice Wharton. Singing in School, Ruel Somerville. Promptness, Katie Dunegan. Habits, Ida Grimes. Number Work, Agatha Wharton. Perseverence, Miss Reynolds. Manners, Margaret G. Dunegan. Points for Teachers, J. S. Foley. Notes, Maud Bebe. Select Reading, Stella Dunegan, Minnie Ivory and Will Carl. Music by the Institute.

Teachers are requested to bring their singing books.

Why Continue.

The use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

School Report.

Report of Bethel school No. 2, of Blacklick township: Attendance, 39; average attendance, 35; percentage of attendance, 89. Those who were perfect in attendance: Montell Davis, McClure Rowland, Edward Berkey, Everett Davis, Mellvin Rowland, Jesse Furguson, Bertie Mahan, Dwight Berkey, Allan Rowland, Harvey Rowland, Harvey Mahan, Cleveland Mahan, Willie Berkey, Charley Rowland, John McCormick, Merton Davis, Johnny Fergusen, Effie Wagner, Alma Rowland, Winnie Davis, Dora Wagner, Bertha Ferguson, Cora Mahan, Gertie Ferguson. LESTER LARIMER, teacher.

DIED.

THOMAS.—Died at her home in Allegheny township on Thursday, December 26th, 1889, Mrs. Margaret, wife of Michael Thomas, aged about 57 years.

HOUCK.—Died at her home in Derry, Westmoreland county, Pa., from typhoid fever, on Friday, December 26, 1889, Mrs. Mary A., wife of John Houck, aged 33 years.

The deceased was born in Barr township, Cambria county, and was a daughter of Jacob and Margaret Crook of that township, and a sister of Henry Crook of the same township, George Crook of Cambria township, Frank Crook of Ebensburg and Lizzie E., wife of Emmet Mutvehil of Ebensburg. Mrs. Houck was a devoted and loving wife and a kind mother and her husband has the sympathy of all in his great bereavement. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Derry on the 28th of December, followed to their last resting place by a large number of sympathizing relatives and friends. Carrolltown *News* please copy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

FOR SALE.—House and 5 to 6 acres of land in Summerhill township, known as the Alex Fresh property. Inquire of

THOMAS GRIFFITH,
Jan. 3, 1890.-1m. Ebensburg, Pa.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the Loretto Merchandise company are hereby notified to call and settle on or before the 1st day of October next, as after that date the books will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

JOHN F. WILL,
Loretto, Sept. 13, 1889.

AGENTS WANTED.—Active, Energetic Men can make from $25 to $50 per month selling for us and enjoy the comfort of knowing that they are working for an old and reliable firm. Desirable territory in towns and counties can be secured by prompt application. We grow the stock we offer. Address,

FRANKLIN DAVIS & CO.,
Jan. 3-3m. Nurserymen, Baltimore, Md.

HOTEL FOR RENT.—That well-known hotel stand, known as the Merchants Hotel, situated at Summit, Cambria county, Pa., with eight acres of ground adjoining will be rented on liberal terms. The house contains thirty-four rooms, bar-room, store-room, ice house, good stable, and all necessary outbuildings. The house will be rented entire or in part. For particulars enquire of the subscriber

JAMES A. GILLAN, Summit, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of David Sutton, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN C. SUTTON,
JAMES T. SUTTON,
Administrator of David Sutton, deceased.
Clearfield twp., Dec. 30, 1889.-6t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the firm of the Lilly Merchandise Company, Limited, doing business at Lilly, Cambria county, Pa., has been changed by the retirement from the firm of Adam Smith. The business in the future will be carried on under the same name but the firm will consist of Francis Bradley, Robert Smith, Daniel J. Brown and Thomas A. Bradley.

FRANCIS BRADLEY,
ROBERT SMITH,
DANIEL J. BROWN,
THOMAS A. BRADLEY,
ADAM SMITH.
Jan. 3, 1890.-3t

BONDS FOR SALE.—The Commissioners of Cambria County will offer for sale at their office in the Court House, on MONDAY, JANUARY 6, 1890, one hundred coupon bonds of said county of five hundred dollars each, dated January 1, 1890, and maturing January 1, 1900. Said bonds to bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually on July 1st and January 1st of each year at the Treasurer's office of said county; are free from taxation and are redeemable one year after their date, at the option of the County Commissioners, who reserve the right to reject any or all bids for the same.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KIRBY,
J. G. LLOYD,
Commissioners of Cambria County.
Attest: D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

NOTICE.—I have this day purchased the following property of C. J. Duncan, of Fiske, Cambria county, Pa., and have left the same in C. J. Duncan's charge, and I hereby forbid any person or persons from interfering with said property: Two hundred and fifty thousand white pine 24 inch shingles, being about equal amounts of No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, now at my mill situate on the Ranstead lands; also a boiler, engine and shingle mill located on the Ranstead lands in Cambria county; also one team of horses, spreaders, single trees, and butt chains belonging to said team; also one two horse Conklin wagon; also one Champion mowing machine and one hay rake and camp stove; also 40 pairs of camp blankets; also three cows and two yearlings, three spring calves, and four pigs; also thirty tons of hay, and fifty bushel of corn; also one plow and harrow and all other farming implements; also four pair of bob sleds, and one buggy. The above enumerated property is now on my farm and I do let there subject to my pleasure and removal. JOHN W. BUCK.

1013 Vine street, Williamsport, Pa.
Jan. 3, 1890.-3t.

ARGUMENT LIST.—
6TH JANUARY 1890.

Cambria Iron Co.....vs. Christy.
Rule on Wm. F. Cook, Assignee.
Stiffler.....vs. Thomas.
Holbaugh.....vs. Wentroth.
Harshberger.....vs. Harshberger.
Miller's Executors.....vs. McGlade
Harmon.....vs. Plunkett.
Singer M'f'g Co.....vs. Plunkett
In re petition and Rule of Wm. Switzler.
Irvin.....vs. Kutruff.
Miller.....vs. Bone.
Miller.....vs. Buck et al.
Barclay.....vs. Storey.
Kirkpatrick.....vs. Horner.
In re appeal Overseers of Poor, etc.
Shoemaker.....vs. Carroll.
Cresswell.....vs. Gutwald.
Directors of Poor.....vs. Thomas.
Delozier Bros.....vs. Cordell.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1889.

FARM FOR SALE

There will dispose of at private sale a farm known as the William Ivory farm situated in Clearfield township, one half mile from Chest Springs, containing

76 ACRES 76

More or less, thirty acres of which are cleared, and well watered and the rest of the land is well timbered with Hemlock, Chestnut, Maple and Beech. For further particulars call on or address MRS. LINCOLN CONRAD.

Chest Springs, Jan. 3, 1890. 2mo.

SIMON BROS.'

10 Per Cent. REDUCTION SALE

—OF—

Christmas and Holiday Goods.

We are now ready to the citizens of Gallitzin and surrounding towns the nicest and finest line of useful Holiday Presents ever brought to the town, and in order that the stock may be disposed of quickly, as well as affording the poorest person in Gallitzin or the county, an opportunity to present a dear friend or relative with a valuable Christmas gift without denying themselves of the necessary comforts of life, it has been decided upon to retail them off at a 10 per cent. reduction all 'round. What is meant by a 10 per cent reduction is that TEN CENTS will be deducted from every dollar's worth of goods purchased of us from the present up to January 1st, 1890.

The variety of goods we are showing makes it impossible for anyone to fail finding what is wanted in the way of an appropriate and useful present. Come and choose the gifts you want from the piles that heap our counters and shelves. Our prices won't hinder you, for as has been stated in the foregoing, they are made to suit the purse, fit the times and suit the season. We have great surprises in variety of our display, great surprises in HOLIDAY NOVELTIES. But the greatest of all surprises is our extraordinary

LOW:-:PRICES!

Just cast your optics down this list and observe that

200 dozen Ladies' all linen Scalloped edge Handerchiefs at.....12½c. each
100 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs at.....16c. each
500 dozen Silk Plush Photograph cases at.....37c. each
50 dozen Fine Hand-painted Necktiles at.....48c. each
500 pair fine, silk, plush-worked Slippers at.....54c. pair
500 pair Ladies' fine dress Shoes at.....$1.48 pair
300 Men's all wool Suits at.....[former price] $12 00 each
148 Men's dress Overcoats, 6 different styles, at.....[former price $15 00 each
50 dozen of Men's Seal Fur Caps at.....75c. and $1 08 each
Small Boys' Suits and Overcoats at.....[formerly sold for $175 each
Big Boys' Suits and Overcoats at.....$1.50, 2,00, 2.50, and 300 each
500 dozen Suspenders, silk woven goods, at.....$2.00, 2,50, 3.00, 3 50 and 4.00 each
500 Silk Umbrellas, with gold tops, at.....24c. pair.
.....$1 75 and 1 08 each

Also, a full line of Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets, Musical Sets, Smokers' Sets, Perfumery Sets, Ladies' Work Baskets, Dressing Cases, Whisp Holder—the finest and grandest selection in the county,—Portfolios, Pocketbooks, Hand-Satchels, French Dolls, Picture Frames, Underwear, Dress Goods, Table Linens and Blankets. SILKS.—kept for the first time. Everybody in Cambria county should call around at our mammoth business stand Christmas morning to see our Santa Claus who is six feet in height, and whose services have been engaged by Mr. Gus Simon who was in New York recently for that purpose. He will distribute thousands of toys and candies to the little folks who must be sure to call around on the sacred morning.

Your Fare Paid Both Ways by Us

and Goods shipped to your home free if your purchases amount to $10.00 or over. This is no guy of ours to induce you to buy, and then wriggle out of it, but the rule will be strictly adhered to. If you will leave a small deposit with us we will keep the goods you purchase until called for

SIMON BROTHERS,

Gallitzin's Only Live Merchants, Chestnut St.

Established 1850.

Jos. Horne & Co.

PENN AVE. STORES.

There are
Mail Order Departments
claiming to afford
the same advantages
to out of town buyers
that ARE afforded by
OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.
Ours has proven its claim;
others have not.
None can offer greater advantages; few as good or as many.

Advantage of
an unlimited stock
of medium and fine
DRESS GOODS AND SILKS.
Hundreds and hundreds of styles plain and fancy Dress Goods, from 25c to $4 a yard, in every weave and color of the choicest wool fabrics. Black Dress Silks, 50c to $4 a yard.
Brocade Black Silks, $1 to $7.50.
The best "Guinet" $1 Black Silk ever sold. Worth $1.50 at least.
Just as complete stocks
in all lines of Dry Goods.

Entire stock in the
Cloak Department
REDUCED.
Catalogue mailed free
upon request.
Where prices are lower
than the Catalogue quotes,
you get the benefit, invariably,
as if you shopped personally.
Get the Cloak Catalogue.

Jos. Horne & Co.'s,
609-621 Penn Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, his wife, of Summerhill township, Cambria Co., Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment, bearing date the 23rd day of November, A. D., 1889, have assigned to Jesse H. Dimond, of the like residence, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John McCormick and Lucinda P. McCormick, all the estate, real and personal, of them the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick. All persons indebted to the said John and Lucinda P. McCormick, or either of them, will make immediate payment to the said assignee, or those having claims or demands against them, or either of them, will present the same without delay.

JESSE H. DIMOND,
Ebensburg, Dec. 13, '89, 6t.- Assignee.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Estate of Lewis Burgoon, deceased. Letters testamentary in the estate of Lewis Burgoon, late of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against said estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to

MARY JANE BUCGOON,
Executrix of Lewis Burgoon, dec'd.
Ashville, Pa., Dec. 13, 1889.-6t.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the annual election of Directors of the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance company of Cambria county will be held at the office of the Secretary on Monday, January 12th 1890, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK,
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, '89.-5t. Secretary.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURG

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CARPETS, LACE CURTAINS,
DINING AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.
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We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the City.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our

Gloves in Early Times.

Gloves date back to a very remote period, the ancients not being strangers to their use, and by the eleventh century they were universally worn.

In a tomb in Egypt a pair of stripped linen mittens were found that had been worn by a lady. Xenophen, alludes to the Persians wearing gloves, and gives it as a proof of their effeminacy; and Homer describes Laertes at work in his garden wearing gloves, to secure him from the thorns. The Romans were severely upbraided by the philosophers for wearing gloves; but these reproaches had no effect in diminishing their use—their were too convenient and comfortable to be lashed out of being by the tongue of philosophy. They do not appear to have been worn in England until the beginning of the eleventh century, and were of German manufacture. In the course of time, a great deal of ornamentation was used on the gloves in England,

The effigies of Henry II and Richard I had gloves adorned with precious stones, and real gloves ornamented with jewels were found upon the hands of King John and Edward I, when their tombs were opened during the last century. Gloves were even ornamented with crests and armorial bearings. The ecclesiasticals were always richly adorned. They were made of silk or linen, embroidered and jeweled. A pair preserved at New college, Oxford, are of red silk, with the sacred monogram surrounded by a glory, and embroidered in gold on the backs. Pope Bonifacius VIII had gloves of white silk embroidered very beautrfully and studded with pearls.

About the year 1600 leather gloves appeared. They were embroidered, adorned with pearls and gems and trimmed with lace. Perfumed gloves, too, made their appearance and were very popular with the ladies. We are told that Queen Mary Tudor had a pair of "swete gloves" sent to her by a Mrs. Wheilers. The college tenants of Oxford had perfumed gloves presented to them, as well as distinguished guests. The custom went out soon after the reign of Charles I.

A Horse's Memory.

"Say, friend, you're on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door. "Your horse! Oh, no; why I bought this horse two years ago!" "You did?" answered the other; "well, I lost my horse—it was stolen—just two years ago."

This conversation took place under the far-spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years, and ridden by a gentleman who evidently had bought the horse in good faith. After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with earnness, said, "well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he don't find water in the bucket let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up and that horse isn't mine!" "At your word; the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and finding no water let the bucket down and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable! The animal remembered the trick and the owner recovered his horse. There are those living now who can attest to the truth of this story, though it happened years ago.

What I Have Learned.

That old stocking legs make nice sleeve protectors.

That powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

That a coarse comb is good to smooth the fringe of towels, napkins, tidies, etc.

That an egg well beaten in a glass of milk, and sweetened, makes a nice strengthening drink for a teething child.

That equal parts of bay rum, borax and ammonia makea nice preperationfor cleaning the head; apply freely to the scalp with a brush, and then wash in clear water.

That a feather bed or mattress will remain clear and in an excellent condition for years if kept in a case made of common sheeting, which can be removed and washed at will.

That biscuits can be warmed to be as good as when just baked by placing them in the oven dry, covered closely with a tin. It is a great improvement over the old way of wetting them.

A Diminutive Railroad Line.

One of the most wonderful railways on the continent, if not in the world, is the small nine-mile branch which connects the towns of Bedford and Belleview, Miss. The distance is not so astonishing, except where the gauge of 10 inches is considered. In the short distance traversed by the pigmy it crosses eleven streams, with bridges from 5 to 35 feet in height. The rails weigh but twenty pounds to the yard; about the size of those used in the mines of Missouri and Illinois. The cars and engines are constructed so as to be very near the ground, insuring greater safety. The cars are provided with single seats on each side of the aisle. The car itself weighs but four tons, the weight of an ordinary car being from twenty to twenty-six tons. The engine without the tender weighs seven tons, and runs with two passsenger or freight cars at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There is a smaller railroad than this in the United States,—the one in Bucks county, Penn,—but it is only kept as an expensive toy by a rich farmer who has made a fortune in oil.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no zood it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Have You Read The Philadelphia Times This Morning?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public items. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

THE TIMES has all the facilities of advanced journalism for gathering news from all the quarters of the Globe, in addition to that of the Associated Press, now covering the whole world in its scope making it the perfection of a NEWSPAPER, with everything carefully edited to occupy the smallest space.

THE SUNDAY EDITION is not only a complete newspaper, but a Magazine of Popular Literature, its eight clearly printed pages, original and attractively *illustrated*, contain as much good literature, by the foremost writers of the world, as any of the popular monthlies. Some of the newspapers in New York, Boston and Chicago print a greater number of pages upon Sunday, but these are for the most part occupied with advertisements. The merchants in those cities concentrate nearly all their advertising in the Sunday papers, while in Philadelphia they have found it more advantageous to advertise on week days as well.

CONTRIBUTORS to the Sunday edition of THE TIMES include many of the foremost names in contemporary literature, both American and European. Its contents cover the whole field of human interest with all that is freshest and best in

POLITICS	FICTION
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SCIENCE	ART
SOCIETY	DRAMA
FASHION	MUSIC
THE HOUSEHOLD	HUMOR
LABOR	SPORT
ATHLETICS	CHESS
RACING	YACHTING
ROWING	CRICKET
BASE BALL	FOOT-BALL
&c., &c.	&c., &c.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—No other newspaper gives the same careful attention to the needs and tastes of young readers. The page devoted especially to them commands the services of the best writers and is edited with scrupulous care, with the aim of making it entertaining and instructive and helpful to the sound of education as well as to the pure amusement of both big and little boys and girls.

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THE TIMES aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper.

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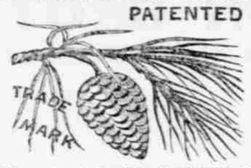

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Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

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The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to.
It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and snow slip off as surely as off a duck's back. Man's shoes require dressing ONCE A WEEK—women's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.
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A Trapper's Trick.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, when one afternoon we looked down upon the level plain and saw four mountain redskins chasing a white man on a mule. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain enough that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap.

The Indians pressed foreward, yelling and exulting, but the faint reports of a revolver reached our ears, and we saw redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountain side to take a hand in, but it was not needed. When they reached the man he sat on the ground laughing as though he would split.

"To think!" he shouted, as soon as he could control his voice, "that these 'ere Sioux, who are rated sharp as razors, could be fooled by that old trick—ha! ha! ha!" And he laughed until he had wiped away the tears. On the ground near by were three dead Indians and another about to die, while two of the ponies were dead and the other two badly wounded. It had all been done with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball, and carrying a percussion cap, but the work had been rapid and sure. The Indians had closed in on him, supposing to be dead or badly wounded, while neither man nor mule had been touched. After a bit the man, who was an old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior, and said to him in the Sioux dialect, and chuckling between his words:

"Say I did any of you fellers ever see a white man before?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

"Didn't you ever hear of that old trick before?"

"Isn't the white man wounded?"

"Not by a dozen Nancy Janes. That bullet didn't come within a rod of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and down we tumbled to draw you on. The other three are dead, and you are about to go. Say, I don't want to hurt a dying Injun's feelings, but—ha! ha! ha!—but it was 'nuff to kill a fellow to see how you four opened your ha! ha! ha!—eyes when I began to pop! Funniest thing I have seen in a year! Durn it, I won't need any qui'neen for a month. I'm just sweating the chills of with laughing!"

The Indian gazed at him in a troubled way for a moment, seemed to realize that he had been duped, and he closed his eyes and died without ever raising the lids again.

Points About Canaries.

"Can't you tell me of some antidote that I can give my canary?" asked a lady the other day, of the proprietor of a bird store. "I'm afraid it's growing blind though I can't imagine what is the cause."

"How old is your bird?" was the man's questinioning reply.

"I've had it eighteen years—ever since I was a very little girl," she added blushing.

"Well, then, the cause is easily found," come from the smiling man. "Your canary's blindness is due to old age. It's on its way to the grave and nothing can now restore its sight.

When birds live to a good old age, twenty years or twenty-five, or sometimes thirty, their sight often fades and total eclipse settles down upon them. It is just as impossible to restore a bird's vision at such a stage as to prevent an old man's locks from turning gray.

There is, however, a species of blindness that is liable to victimize songsters of all feather and all ages. This is of comparatively rare occurrence, and is doubtless sometimes due to a cold which the bird has caught while hanging in a draugh. The cheap bird foods containing opium are very injurious to a canary's health.

I believe, moreover that a brass or painted cage is not the best thing which to house one's lemon-colored ntroubadour. The birds continual picking at the wires must result in a considerale amount of paint or lacquer finding its way into the maw and this surely cannot be wholesome. Besides in the c se of brass cages afer the lacquer is nibbled away, verdigris accumulates on the wires, and this poison must have a baleful effect on the yellow peckers within acting as a prolific source of sightlessness.

Paris and London.

In the streets French traffic all goes to the right; London coachmen drive always to the left. Parsians live together in large houses like barracks; Londoners have one family in a house. They have a latchkey; the Frenchman a concierge; Paris has its caves, London its clubs. Parisian beds are up in an alcove in the wall; Londoners sleep in the middle of the room. London takes three or four meals a day; Paris two. Paris dines; London eats. Paris loaves are long; London loaves are square. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea.

Frenchmen, while dining, talk to their neighbor and enjoy each other's society; Britons sit alone at table and don't say much, but enjoy their food. London workmen work in their ordinary clothes, call each other "mate," smoke clay pipes and punch each other's heads occasionally. Parsian workmen do their business in blouses call their friends "citizens" or "sir," smoke cigarettes, take their hats off to each other, and do their fighting with their feet.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never falls. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

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"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. CORTLAND, Primus, S. C.

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The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with no rest in feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. R. A. DOW, Burlington, Vt.

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ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE
GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

When you want posters printed call at the office.

Utilizing Pumpkins.

Pumpkins are a valuable and nutritious food for cows, if they are only rightly spread before them. The orthodox way of feeding them is to draw a wagon-load into the pasture, and scatter them promiscuously about in a partially crushed condition, for the cows to fight and choke over.

It always pays to feed intelligently, and we might add, humanely, and we append a way of offering pumpkins to cows that we believe to be more efficacious than the manner described. Gather only ripe, sound pumpkins; the green decayed ones discard; knock off the hard stems and handle with a pitch or dung-fork. Near the pasture fence build a plank-bottomed pen, or a large, shallow dry goods box would do, and into this dump a part of a load of selected pumpkins. Now, go into them with a sharp spade, and chop them quite finely. Most of the entrails and seeds will slough and rattle off, and the meaty blocks of the fruit, shovel over the fence into a long stationary trough, for the cattle to partake of at leisure.

Roots, such as mangels and rutabagas can advantageously be served the same way, and if fed in winter, your chopping box can be placed in the cellar or stable.

The seeds of pumpkins act too vigorously on the kindeys to be beneficial to cows, hence care should be taken that they be excluded from their menu.

At this time of the year it is the endeavor of dairymen not so much to increase their milk flow as to maintain its previous quality. Meadows are annually leached, through their depletion of aftermath, for this, when some substitute should be provided. Our experience with pumpkins as a cheaply produced food has been satisfactorily in the extreme, and we recommend their more extensive cultivation. Those varieties of the fruit that yield most prolifically, and produce the firmes., sweetest meated pumpkins, are the ones to plant. If planted in a field separate from corn they do far better than when shaded by the maize.

Dairymen, do not depise the pumpkin because it is ubiquitous. Cultivate it well and feed it intelligently, and you will be satisfied with the result.

Cultivation of Cork.

Corks are an article of convenience to which little attention is commonly given, and yet immense fortunes have been made in their production. Their cultivation and manufacture form an important item in the industries of Spain. An account of this from Mr. Day's work on that country is of interest.

The cork tree is an oak which grows best in poorest soil. It will not endure frost, and must have sea air, and also an altitude above the sea level. It is found only along all the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa and the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

There are two barks to the tree, the outer one being stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety.

The method of cultivating it is interesting. When the sapling is about ten years old it is stripped of the outer bark for about two feet from the ground; the tree will then be about five feet in diameter, and say six feet up to the branches. This stripping is worthless. The inner bark appears blood red, and if it is split or injured the tree dies.

After eight or ten years the bark has again grown in, and the tree is again stripped four feet from the roots. This stripping is very coarse, and is used as floats for fishing nets. Every ten years thereafter it is stripped, and each year two feet higher up, until the tree is 40 or 50 years old, when it is in its prime, and may then be stripped every ten years from the ground to the branches, and will last 200 years. It is about twenty years before anything can be realized from the tree, and for this reason the Spaniards, who are not fond of looking after posterity, plant few new trees.

Christmas Proverbs and Predictions.

A green Christmas makes a full graveyard.

A white Christmas, a lean graveyard.

Other sayings connect Christmas with Easter:

A green Christmas indicates a white Easter.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

Easter in snow, Christmas in mud.

Christmas in snow, Easter in mud.

Its influence on the crops during the ensuing year is set forth in other proverbs:

If windy on Christmas day, trees will bring forth much fruit.

If it snows on Christmas night, we expect a good hop crop next year.

Christmas wet gives empty granary and barrel.

"If on Christmas night," says a German proverb, "the wine ferments heavily in the barrels, a good wine year is to follow."

Somewhat uncertain is the prediction that follows:

If at Christmas ice hangs on the willow, clover may be cut at Easter.

The proverb that follows is somewhat obscure:

If Cnaistmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

Nor is this one very clearly expressed:

Wet causes more damage than frost before than afterChristmas.

An English proverb tells us: If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a mouse afterwards.

A German saying declares that: The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.

Druggists' Colored Lights.

The origin of colored lights in druggists' windows is as follows: Originally, the barber or leech, exposed in his window the medicines he had for sale. In time, when the business of selling was separated from that of prescribing drugs, the physician simply hung up a colored light, leaving the druggist to expose the medicines on the colored water that took the place of the medicines. Nowadays only the colored bottles remain, the physicians' lamps being few and far between.

THE NEWS
OF THE DAY
HOW TO GET IT
—AND—
WHERE TO GET IT.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF
The PITTSBURGH POST
FOR 1890.

THE FICTION DEPARTMENT.

As a family newspaper THE POST will stand without a peer. Its fiction department will continue to be one the most attractive in the country. The serial novels for which contracts for 1890 have already been made are the products of some of the foremost writers of the world. There will be several of these novels in the course of a year, and in book form any one of them would cost more than a year's subscription to THE POST.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

As a Guide for buyers and sellers of merchandise and produce, THE POST'S market reports will be found full, reliable, extensive and of very latest date from every commercial center. While in size and quality of reading matter it is equal to two of the ordinary sheets, all of which, and other excellent features, make it the largest, best, and cheapest paper in the country. The cattle, produce and grain markets, especially prepared for the weekly edition, are always full and reliable.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENTS.

The news departments of THE POST are complete, giving each week the world's history for the week. Able correspondents at Washington, Columbus, Cincinnati, New York, and other important points at home and abroad contribute every week graphic letters on men and events. In all the departments that constitute both a great daily and weekly paper, THE POS admits no superior.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

THE WEEKLY POST is the largest Democratic paper in the Union and the aim of the publishers is to make a welcome, instructive and entertaining visitor at the fireside. One of life's real pleasures is an easy chair, a quiet corner and a copy of THE WEEKLY POST. Each number of this sterling magazine—it deserves the name—is a perfect encyclopedia of the doings of the world for a week. A pretty large field to cover, but THE POST does it. There is much, too, outside of mere news to gratify the many tastes of the reading public. No feature, fictional, topical or special, is omitted. The weekly New York fashion letter is a gem for ladies' eyes.

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More surprising, indeed, than the of books, watches, etc., as premiums, are THE POST'S offers of cash premiums for new subscribers. It offers $25 cash for 100 new subscribers at $1 a year; or $50 for 200 new subscribers; or $75 for 300 new subscribers; $100 for 400 new subscribers. This is a great chance to make money.

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Catching Turtles.

There are several curious ways of catching turtles. When lying asleep on the water in the sun a canoe will silently approach, its crew seize the animal and tumble him aboard "before he knows where is." He is turned on his back, for otherwise he would climb out and swamp the boat in short order. A native will also swim up quietly behind the sleeping beast, spring on the back of his shell, abd hold on in such a way that he can not drive. Having no idea of escaping in any other way, he can be steered whithersoever his captor chooses. Considerable agility and nerve are necessary in accomplishing this feat, for if the man should miss his leap and fall back into the water he is liable to be dangerously cut by the animal's flippers. An inexpert person or one who wished to have some fun with the turtle might grasp him by the tail. If so, like the Irishman who devised the plan of catching the bull by the horns and rubbing his nose in the dirt, he will do well to have his laugh first. The turtle has his idea of a joke, too, which is instantly to shut his tail close up to his body, whereby the man's hand is held fast as in a vise, and then dive with him to the bottom of the sea.

Most of the turtles, however, are captured on the beaches, whither the females land to lay their eggs, and the males accompany them out of gallantry or to guard. The eggs are laid in a perpendicular cavity about a yard deep at the bottom of a great circular excavation, which the female scrapes by whirling round like a fly with its wings singed, and violently plying its flippers. These are usually over a hundred eggs in a litter. When surprised, the turtle offers no resistance, but makes off at a pace surprisingly rapid in so clumsy an animal, and which a good runner can hardly keep up with in the sand. To turn a turtle weighing four hundred pounds on its back and thus capture it, while it is scuttling through deep sand, requires more knack than strength. A turtle's progress on land is by a series of wriggling jerks from side to side, and the fisher, taking advantage of the moment when it cants away from him, overturns it with ease. The young are hatched in a month, making their appearance when about the size of an American silver dollar, and are prepared to begin life on their own hook at once, which they do by rushing for the sea as rapidly as possibly. Many of them never reach it, however, being caught by birds if it be day and by landcrabs at night.

By Rail Across the Andes.

The year 1892 will probably be signal